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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing:

Experiences
of a
Woman Reporter

By ANNE ELIOT

Waiting for Her Answer

By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

and

The Suppressed Correspondence
of

Congressman Jones

By WALLACE IRWIN

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G. Wright

Great Medical Associations Condemn Benzoate of Soda in Food

The American Medical Association has passed the following resolution concerning the drugging of foods with Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservatives:

“Resolved, *That the American Medical Association respectfully urges upon Congress the necessity of amending the national pure food and drugs act in the following particulars, viz:*

“(1) To prohibit absolutely and unqualifiedly the use of Benzoate of Soda and similar preservatives in the preparation and preservation of foods destined for interstate commerce.

*“(2) ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
(c), the prevention of the utilization of unclean and offensive waste productions, which now, by the use of such preservatives, are branded as foodstuffs and sent through the channels of commerce.”*

Resolutions of similar import have also just been passed in the great conventions of the American Institute of Homeopathy, the Medical Society of New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania Pharmaceutical Association.

These resolutions constitute an unanswerable endorsement of the stand taken by H. J. Heinz Company, and other reputable manufacturers, for strict purity, sound materials, and sanitation in the manufacture of food products.

From drugged food there is only one protection—**Read labels carefully.** The law demands that every article of food prepared with Benzoate of Soda must have that fact stated on the label.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Sweet Pickles, Apple Butter, Mince Meat, etc., do not contain Benzoate of Soda or any artificial preservative. These—and all of Heinz 57 Varieties—are prepared from fresh, pure materials, by clean methods, in open-to-the-public, sanitary kitchens which are visited and inspected by thousands annually from every part of the world.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, August 21, 1909



Next week's Collier's will be the **FICTION NUMBER** for September, and will contain three stories of different type, but of equal interest:

"The Broken Wing," by Frederick Palmer, invades the air. It lifts the reader away over cities and lakes and wrinkles of hills.

Alice Adamson, whose languid, acquiescent life is drifting her into an unhappy dilemma, and Appleton, the limpid aristocrat, meet with a violent interruption to their automobile ride. This by chance brings down the aeroplane of Rodney Sharp—remembered as the son of the village blacksmith, but whose bronzed and aquiline countenance now is known around the world. She enters "The Bolt" in order to reach the railroad station where a party is waiting; but learning that the aeroplane will telescope the time from Indiana to New York, Alice remains aboard.

The machine wings on to an adventure above the clouds. In response to the call for exceptional heroism, the woman finds herself.

Perceval Gibbon, in "The Mate of the Gatwick," gives a tale of the sea—the North Sea—where, through the winter winds, the old tramp "Gatwick" flounders. On the lookout bridge Captain Leigh is fixed—bushy, stocky, with a skin of brine. The first mate, with his baffling courtesy, and the second mate, "with no palate for life," are characters whose dispositions will not fuse.

The surprise of Captain Leigh when first summoned to the "Gatwick" sifts into foreboding as the petulant steamer sets off. The faultless first mate perturbs him, while the language of the Scotch engineer about the wretched voyage further ignites his humor. But the great wave which smashes across the forward deck, in its choice of a victim, solves the situation.

Mr. Frederick Upham Adams, Booster for Bill Simms's International Circus, furnishes another report of its spangled achievements. In "The Tame Man of Borneo" he relates how the migratory Mr. Simms and his elephant chum, John L., are found by Captain Blout and the convenient stranger, who have been piloted to their island by the fleet of circus posters. The toothless lion and the battered "Daisy D." also share in the reunion. Incidents have been vigorous, and John L. has been called upon to turn the day upside down. Bill Simms introduces his cannibal constituency, and declares that he could vote them solid for the Republican ticket.

Finding himself in an Eden of show supplies, the manager has drafted an array of human curios. The "Borneo Head-Hunters' Horseback Act" is conceived for the wonderment of Oshkosh.

Captain Blout and the stranger witness unique and startling features.

Prizes for Vacation Stories

It may be well to repeat for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen the prize offer in Collier's for July 10, that this weekly will pay one hundred dollars for the best 1,200-word account of a vacation received before October 1. For the second best article fifty dollars will be paid, and for all others that are accepted twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must be signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope, and do not let your manuscript exceed 1,200 words. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, on wheels, in camp, on sailboats, in motor boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. The more vividly you put on paper in words and in photographs the sense of joy of the summer's outing the more certainly will the story be of interest to others. Do not send sketches or drawings; these are usually unconvincing: photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.

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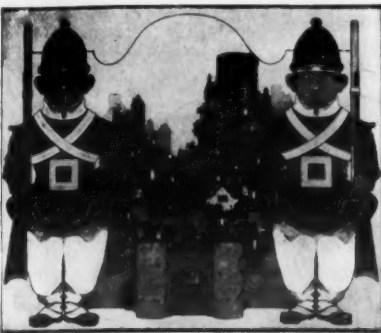
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Collier's

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Volume XLIII

Number 22

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.30 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 17

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COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirteenth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.



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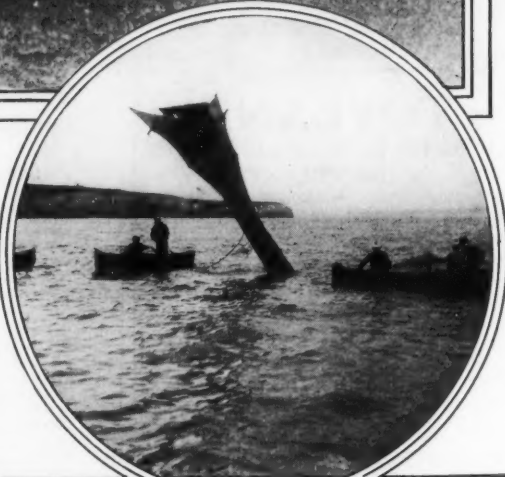
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Over the Sea in an Air-Line

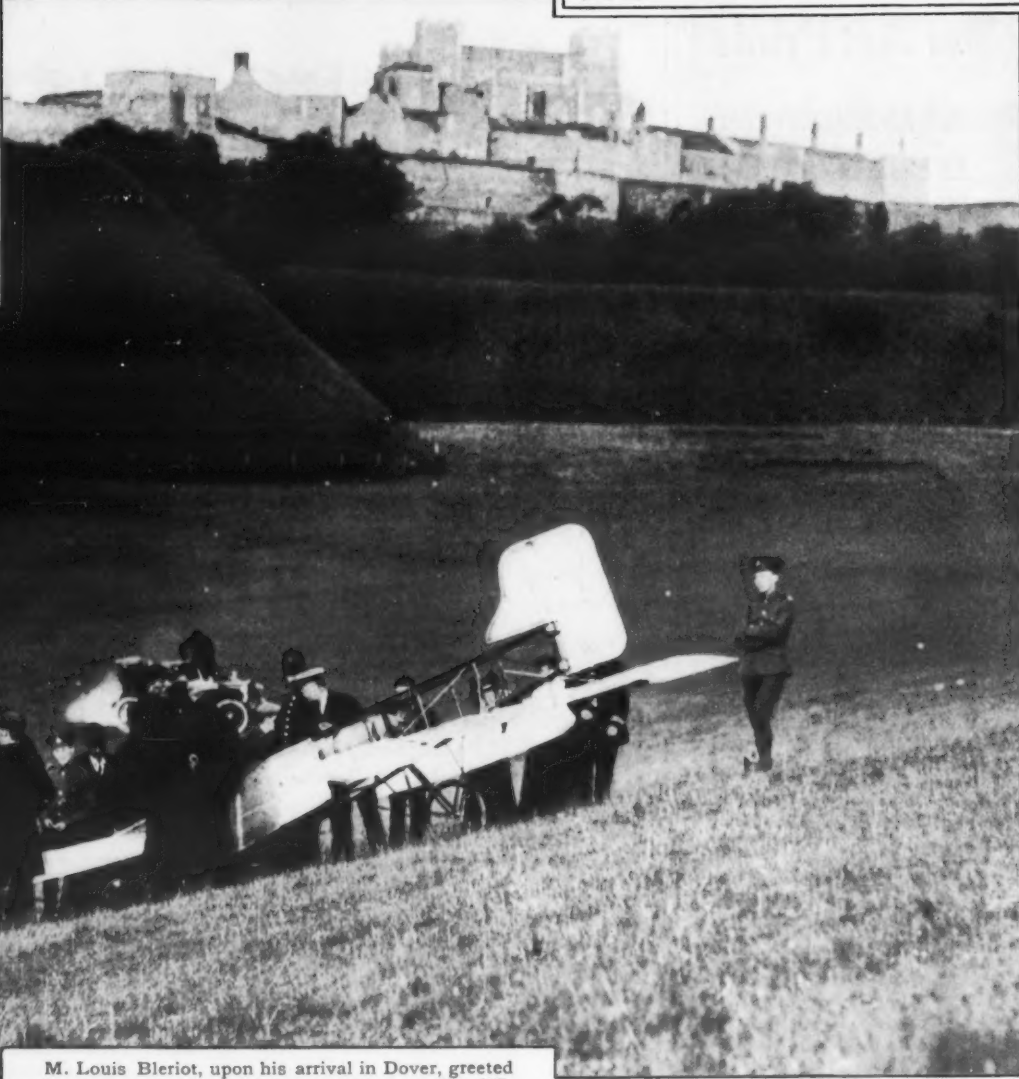


Mme. Bleriot greeting her husband at Dover, after following his course on the French destroyer

THE upper picture shows Louis Bleriot being hauled in his monoplane out to his starting-point at Les Baraques, France, which he left at 4.33 on the morning of July 25, and thirty-seven minutes later alighted in England, two miles from Dover. With great speed he leaves the earth at Les Baraques, and finds himself, according to his own vivid description, "without sensation," high above the waves of the Channel. The French destroyer *Escopette*, as escort, has a lead of several miles over the monoplane, but in ten minutes M. Bleriot overtakes her. Through a break in the fog in which he becomes shrouded the aviator sees an opening in the cliff. Without knowing exactly where he is, he brings his machine down upon a greensward. The crowds which rush around him inform him that he has accomplished the flight—the first man to cross the English Channel by aviation. The passage was three times made by balloon over a century ago.



Hubert Latham's second plunge into the Channel July 27—he had come within two miles of Dover



M. Louis Bleriot, upon his arrival in Dover, greeted by the people who had been waiting on the cliffs and peering into the haze for signs of his machine

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirtieth Street

NEW YORK

August 21, 1909

Education and Danger

THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING, especially across the Channel, has stirred the souls of men. Possibly it may have increased the steady sales of "The War in the Air," in which the resourceful WELLS pictured future science as so powerful in destruction that, as once the invasions of barbarians, it hurls the world back into darkness. Nothing so dire is likely to result from ingenuity. The intellectual and the moral man are nearly one. This is not a universe in which brain tightens its grasp on mechanics without at the same time more highly valuing peace, with humanity and friendliness to trade. The active, producing, advancing intellect is not a peril, although each new shift does mean an altered definition about what constitutes the fit. The youth, for example, who in this day fails to master the German language is decreasing his chance of being among the leaders. Mr. WELLS calculates that there are not more than fifty thousand serious readers in Great Britain, and therefore she can not remain in front with countries like Germany, France, and the United States, where education has ceased to be primarily genteel and has become vigorous, where imagination grows livelier, where science accomplishes the miraculous. Certainly the cerebration exhibited by the British in the Boer war compared absurdly with the intellectual devices with which Japan backed up her physical courage. The same thought that studies foreign affairs, flying machines, and the laws of trade also, because it is flourishing and real thought, invents field telephones and reflects on the military uses of barbed wire. The British universities must give more respect to physical science; the anti-vivisectionist sentimental ignorance, which is kindness without knowledge, must be bound in chains; in drama and fiction, as in business and politics, the mind of Great Britain must be spurred and freed, if the right little, tight little island is to continue—as presumably it will—its history of successful and stable government, longer now than any other since the end of that other island power which once reigned upon the Adriatic.

Reason and Unrest

THE WELL-TO-DO are howling lustily in Great Britain because the Government wishes to make wealth bear a larger share of taxation. The Swedes have been striking violently not so much against specific evils as in favor of doctrines of far-reaching change. France, who now has a mitigated Socialist for Prime Minister, a little while ago saw her postal service tied up by Government employees. Spain's unrest is apparently not part of the sure-footed conduct which seeks change only when it knows what it is seeking. There seems to be going about the earth something like an infection of upheaval. Does such a series of disturbances hint that the world, by too much democracy, is losing its steadiness; that it is starting toward demagoguery and the instability which in other eras have destroyed governments and even nations? Peoples capable of governing themselves have not been those which sought convulsion for convulsion's sake. The man is not well who seeks ever stronger drugs to quiet his restlessness. The mind should see a goal before emotions are unchained. Clear-thinking in the people is needed to guide and limit the increasing sense of human inequality and of fate's unfathomable injustice. For this reason it is possible to question the wisdom of allowing Government employees to form unions, and thus by strikes to interfere with necessary services to the whole public. Such a course is too much like allowing the individual to take arms against the nation. Again, there may be found cause for regret in an alliance between Socialism and labor unions, such as has been seen in Sweden, for by such a cooperation the labor union is likely to lose the hard sense and coolly limited enterprise which have made it useful in the past. There will be no more French revolutions and no more Napoleons. If popular government fails hereafter, the aristocracy which succeeds it will not be despotism. Great, nevertheless, will be the disappointment if democracy should prove to be vitally weak, because its desires are stronger than its understanding and its self-control.

Guidance

IN THIS CONNECTION we would recommend to our readers a remarkable little book which can be procured from Grosset & Dunlop, New York, for fifty cents. It is a volume to steady the judgment and clear the mind. The author is FRANCIS G. PEABODY. The book is called "Jesus Christ and the Social Question." Religion and modern industry, ethics and labor—how are these subjects brought together in

this day when poverty, family needs, and the relations between employer and employee are the questions of most vital interest? One of the clearest discussions known to us of the views of JESUS, as far as they can be applied to these present-day problems, is given in this book, which has not just been published, but which is not for that reason less worthy the attention of men and women who read in order to obtain information and ideas rather than in order to flock with the crowd. Although the author's own views are clear, he gives conflicting opinions with great fairness, and leaves the reader feeling at the end that he has the evidence on every side of every question that is discussed, so that he is in a position to judge for himself, and to disagree with the writer if his own bent is in another direction. It is the work of an open-minded scholar on a subject which can scarcely be without interest to any one interested in the controversies of his time.

Johnson in Eruption

NOW HERE is an old friend, the popular Governor of Minnesota, urging Western tracts of country to exert more influence in Congress, in proportion to the East. Good enough, Governor, if you know what you wish to have accomplished. You mention the tariff. We observe that most senators and representatives from the West, like those from East and South, favored protection for anything manufactured in their neighborhoods. Just what is it you wish to gain through sectional appeal? Not free silver, evidently. That was the last great sectional division, and Mr. BRYAN exerted as much influence as any one individual, East or West, in the solution. You complain that Eastern statesmen sometimes have undue weight; but how about that bearded Rhadamanthus who dwells not far from you, the Honorable, but not entirely accurate, JOSEPH CANNON? Western opinion found in THEODORE ROOSEVELT a most enthusiastic friend, who seldom entered into conflict with it, and then principally when it was flagrantly anti-national, as in the forest policies of certain states. No, JOHNSON, there is nothing in this section talk. Seek popularity some other way. Defend sound causes, expose selfish or mistaken ones, but don't go about agitating for nothing whatever in a loud appeal to local pride.

P. S.—Read WALLACE IRWIN'S new series, which is beginning in this issue. It starts out as if it were to be decidedly amusing and at the same time somewhat instructive, in its light way, about American political conditions. Perhaps Congressman Jones and his constituents will take their place with TOGO.

Forests as Setting

LEGEND SEEMS to love the forest for its home. No other setting has so much fanciful association. It may be a Pan-haunted glade near Athens, the Forest of Arden, or the legendary Schwartzwald, with trolls and nixies. It is amid trees that Titania awakes to find herself enamored of a monster, that Rosalind wanders in hose and doublet, and that the Stauffenberg knight loses his heart to Undine. Here, under the mistletoe, also, the Druids held their solemn rites, to break into actual history for the moment. Here Robin Hood and his Merry Men, Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck drank their nut-brown ale. Here Goldilocks found the home of the Three Bears; Red Riding Hood encountered the fierce wolf, and the careful birds covered with leaves the soft forms of the Babes. Under this century-old beech Vivian tricked Merlin out of his secrets. In the shade of the spotted Jack-in-the-pulpit Robin Goodfellow lies asleep. In the tree trunks are imprisoned maidens awaiting the touch of magic wand. Here is the pious hermit, the peasant with a feather in his cap, the dwarf who offers to grant three wishes, the robber baron who despoils you of your purse, Poppele or the Wild Huntsman. The bear who comes rolling out of the thicket, as when Snow-White and Rose-Red were admiring the dwarf's treasure, is a golden prince disguised. The little duck swimming in the woodland pond ferried Hänsel and Gretel, when they called. A snow-white bird flies away to the gingerbread cottage where the bad witch kept her jewel bags; a milk-white doe leads to the haunted lake where Water-rose, the Siren of the Wildsee, dabbles her feet in crystal water. Such dreams those blue-eyed Cimbri of the Schwartzwald had, and the woodland fancies are not yet ended, for the same imaginings are shared to-day somewhat by the forest people who make cuckoo clocks and name their sons after the good sylvan saint for luck. Dwellers in modern cities often fail to realize how much credulity is still alive.

Something Done

IN THIS PAPER, last January, Mr. PIERRE JAY, Bank Commissioner of Massachusetts, argued in favor of people's banks, which should make borrowing easier for men without much capital. The progressive Bay State is the first to take the step. An act, passed at the recent session of the Legislature, authorized the incorporation of "credit unions," or cooperative associations formed for the purpose of promoting thrift among its members. The board of bank incorporation is to allow such a company to be formed, and only when satisfied that the intended field of operation and the character of the incorporators promise success. The savings of the members may be received in payment for shares or on deposit; and members may borrow at reasonable rates when the credit committee of the institution approves of the application. The act is well drawn, the conduct of the institutions clearly outlined, and nobody except these corporations can hereafter transact business under any title containing the two words "credit" and "union." We prophesy usefulness and success to this new step, and if it does succeed, the example of Massachusetts will be followed in other States.

A Tale That Is Told

THE OPENING of three Indian reservations in the West and the parceling of their share of the public lands to the Indians marks almost the last milestone in the conquest of the savage. The Indian becomes a homesteader. He takes his place side by side with the white farmer and rancher. He has long since ceased to roam in the old nomadic way. He confines himself to periodical visits to the towns and cities of the whites, where he looks with curious eyes upon the puzzling novelties of civilization. He discards the blanket for trousers and galluses. His daughter, gowned in innocent white, marches under evening shadows, to the far-echoing toll of the vesper bell, a mingling figure in the silent vesper procession. His son is a cornetist in the reservation brass band. Thus the former warrior lives and dies, the last vestige of a dissolving race. Here and there throughout the West still remain remnants of tribal life, pitiful figures that lag superfluous upon a stage once swelling with the pomp of paint and feathers and nightmared with the holocaust of blood. It is not a far call from FENIMORE COOPER'S Chingachgook to CHARLOT, the chief of the Flatheads. One was the warrior of a dying race on Atlantic shores, the other is the aged patriarch of the last of the red man's power on the Pacific. CHARLOT has all the savage romanticism with which COOPER'S glowing pen endowed the character of his hero. He has always insisted that his name was forged to the treaty negotiated by JAMES A. GARFIELD, then chairman of an Indian Commission, whereby the Flatheads were dispossessed of their camping grounds in the Bitter Root Valley. Political injustice it was that fomented the war, culminating in the battle of the Big Hole, historically known as the march of Chief JOSEPH. The policy of the Government which turned these wards over to the care of political carpet-baggers reacted upon innocent heads and left a ghastly trail.

Imitation Trouble

"I AM NOT," said BURKE, "of the opinion of those gentlemen who are against disturbing the public repose." Nor are we, and, like BURKE, we "like a clamor where there is an abuse." Such things exist, however, as imitation evils, and they are lamentable things. A resident of San Francisco writes in protest against the pre-arranged exhibitions of Chinese depravity, which are prepared for the benefit of tourists, and are often all they see of the Chinese quarter. Stereotyped shamming goes on, by collusion between guides and a few Chinese, and the open-mouthed visitor, yearning for sin, beholds and comes away with the belief that he has been seeing life. For some reason, not altogether encouraging, brief sojourners in cities foreign to them seem to nibble at this interest more readily than at any other. "Seeing the town," means seeing something which is not only valueless to see, but which is essentially much alike from San Francisco to Vienna. Naturally, this form of curiosity being known, it is convenient for guides to have a few tasty exhibits arranged, like stage scenery, to give the stereotyped tourist what he wants.

Government Steamships

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES McLACHLAN of California introduced in the last session of Congress a bill providing for a Government steamship line between Panama, the Pacific terminus of the Panama Railroad, and the various ports of the Pacific Coast. The Government already owns the Panama Railroad, and is operating steamers between New York and Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the road. It is in possession of the facts relating to the transportation monopoly on the Pacific Coast, as set forth in the report of Senator JOSEPH L. BRISTOW, when acting as Special Panama Railroad Commissioner. The railroad situation has come to a crisis not altogether unlike that which confronted Germany in the latter seventies, when BISMARCK declared, in an address to the German Parliament, that the railroads of that country had suppressed every means of transportation but their own, and had then proceeded to exploit the country at their will. The railroads control some of the most influential newspapers on the Pacific Coast. They make and unmake Governors, Judges, Congressmen, and Senators. The people of the Pacific Coast have sought a remedy in the establishment

of independent steamship lines, which have succumbed to the powerful influences behind the railroads. For the Government to subsidize a merchant marine, it is feared, would lead to abuses as bad as those which now mark our tariff schedules. Government ownership and operation of steamship lines seem to be a policy likely to develop.

As to Wildcats

NEVADA HAS NOW an anti-wildcat mining law. It compels publicity, and is intended to do away with the frauds which have afflicted that and other mining States and hindered the development of the West. Hedged about by good laws, infractions of which will be vigorously and in good faith prosecuted, mining in our Western States may in time be placed upon a basis of fair dealing. The wildcat mining promoter has hit hard the development of the West, and it is to be hoped his day has passed. One of the best provisions of the Nevada law is that which requires all shares sold by mining companies to show by a stamp across their face, in letters half an inch high, whether the stock is treasury or promotion stock. This will prevent the wildcatter from unloading his own shares on the market under the guise of development stock. Stringent laws, which will set legal thorns in the primrose path of the wildcatter, will enable the men who make a legitimate business of mining—and there are some—to regain the prestige lost in recent years.

In Toronto

"THE YEARLY RETURN in dividends of his entire investment is not an unreasonable expectation." Thus, ponderously, the promoters of a company for turning black sand into tool steel speak to prospective investors. Some of the other picturesque and alluring phrases that give distinction to the company's circular promise "an industrial revolution," "untold millions of value in the magnetic sand deposits of Ontario and Quebec," and declare "large dividends a certainty." If we take the Canadian Business Exchange of Toronto seriously, we must believe that when its "Shaw Magnetic Sand Steel Company" (authorized capital \$120,000—stock \$10 a share) gets under way the Steel Trust and others will surely have to go out of business. The friend who mailed us the circular wrote on it: "Can you beat this in the United States?" Surely. In the hands of Boston or Arizona geniuses, the capitalization of the Magnetic Sand Steel Company would be at least ten million.

The Pacific Hemisphere

JAMES J. HILL HAS SAID that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle manifestly differs from other fairs, in celebrating no event, commemorating nothing: that its single outlook is ahead. Yet this exposition does stand upon great events already lived through. No one can visit it and not be compelled to think much of nation-builders of the century just past. Mr. HILL, nevertheless, is mainly right; for the energetic people of the Northwest hardly pause upon this fact, and the atmosphere of the fair is charged with prophecy. The exhibits are intended less as objects upon which the Puget Sounders rest their case, than as samples of what they can do and intend to do, and also as bits of the fabric which is weaving around them. Ideas of the Orient are threaded with thoughts of the Occident. There are Asiatic conveniences, as the sandal, the kimono, the jacket of quilted silk. There are the radiant screen and the tinkle of little glass chimes. These trifles are indications of larger things. Japan and China, deeply imbibing American and European impulse, are burning spent traditions. A new era is here for both sides of the Pacific. Each must certainly influence the other. To what extent, and in what directions, are among the most important questions to be decided in the not far distant future.

The Desert Is Real

DID YOU EVER conduct a train of miniature pack-mules (punch a string of burros, to be exact) across fifteen miles of desert with the thermometer 107 in the shade (there wasn't any shade), then, at the top of a sun-seared rineon, come upon a tiny group of utterly ugly, weather-beaten shacks surrounding a head frame and stamp mill, the rough pine boarding-house offering twelve feet of shade, benches, a sight of its drill-steel triangle and beater hanging in front of the dining-room door, its suspended olla wrapped round with a wet sack, a taunt to thirst-parched throat, and proceed patiently to water and feed your pack-mules before coming into the boarding-house for water and food for yourself? It is a mining engineer in Arizona who sends the query. It was a question of getting from Yuma to Salome in the quickest possible time, and the stage ran only sixty miles of the way. By prospector's burro train was the last part of the journey made. One dry camp in the mountains, with the moonlight turned on full, a détour to Squaw Tanks, a slow descent into the Harqua Hala Desert, beginning at three o'clock of a grilling afternoon, a stop at Alamo for water and feed, a night trek down the sandy Alamo wash, then out into the malapai—stony, dead country—into the sandy desert again until two o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock the prospector pointed ahead to a shouldering hill. "The camp's eight miles beyond that, and that's seven miles from here." Too far without rest and some sleep. Then a breakfast of six sardines and a hunk of bread, one drink of water, and the long pull to the mine. At last the supreme luxury of food and cool drink and a shower bath with cold water pelting the skin. The desert is not a myth.



Illustrated by
ROLLIN KIRBY

Experiences of a Woman Reporter

By ANNE ELIOT

C "A Government by Newspapers" expresses what critics of the United States often charge against us. Then, if journalism governs, "What is it like?" they ask, and usually reply severely. This paper's principles, therefore, are of such importance that we plan a whole series of articles on American Journalism: its bright and dark sides, its injuries and its great services. This series will require a long time in preparation. Meantime, we offer to the public the experiences of an honest and clever woman on sensational newspapers—the so-called "Yellows." Many women, in this day of expanding opportunities, consider journalism as a profession. Some find it pleasant and stimulating in small towns; but perhaps an even larger number are revolted by what is demanded, and this is particularly true in great cities. This article tells much that is both dramatic and painful in the author's Chicago experience. The next article, by the same writer, to be published in an early issue, hardly softens the picture

I.—The High School of Self-Humiliation

IT IS impossible for a woman to make a success of yellow journalism and maintain her self-respect. In this country to-day there are thousands of ambitious young women eager to take up newspaper work. This is equivalent to saying they are headed for the yellow journals, for it is mainly papers of this class that offer the big prizes for feminine talent.

The writer feels that it is not only advisable, but urgent, that these aspirants should know before they take the initial step just what it really means to be a woman reporter. For newspaper work, in its most usual application, means reporting.

Here are eight questions I wish to ask the girl candidate for journalistic honors:

Would you be willing to sacrifice a sister woman's reputation in order to gain a piece of news?

Would you be willing to hobnob with servants and bribe them, if necessary, to secure information for your paper?

Could you, after a man had refused to receive you at his office, follow him to his train, force yourself into his private car, and literally hold him up for an interview?

Could you follow a man about in a cab, striving to waylay him and compel an interview; and, as a final desperate move, deliberately block his automobile in order to force his attention?

Could you become sufficiently callous to play spy upon the wife of a bank defaulter, haunting her house, pursuing her to the train, traveling with her, and trapping her into an interview?

Could you bring yourself to "interview" a murderer's wife an hour before her husband was executed, and write of her sufferings and agonies?

Would you be willing to frequent police courts, jails, divorce courts, and murder trials, living in a perpetual atmosphere of crime and scandal?

Pushed Out of the Door

LASTLY, could you endure the personal humiliation of being bodily ejected from a private home—literally pushed out of the door by the head of the house?

These are perfectly fair test questions. They do not in the least exaggerate the nature of the work required of a live reporter by the enterprising newspaper of to-day. The writer, during her six years' newspaper experience, has faced every one of the exigencies mentioned and hundreds of others equally distressing.

For it is only by strenuous methods such as these that

the news is obtained. Little does the reading public dream as it hastily devours the contents of the daily paper what labor and struggle are represented by the "interviews" so glibly given. Little does it know of the methods by which such news is obtained, and slight thought if any does it bestow upon the reporter whose loss of self-respect is only too often the price for information gained.

Shunned as a Dreaded Person

THERE is no use attempting to handle the subject with gloves. The only way to treat this question is with strict honesty. Therefore I ask the would-be newspaper woman, point-blank: Are you willing to take up a profession that requires you to do things a gentlewoman would shrink from doing?

It is almost incredible that a profession which is nominally so desirable should in its real nature be so debasing. Indeed, it is doubtful if there is any other calling open to woman which offers her such excellent rewards, and at the same time carries with it such bitter penalties and humiliations.

The newspaper girl should know at the outset that she belongs to a class as unwelcome as the book agent. The revelation of this fact is one of the great shocks that come to disillusionize the beginner.

No doubt the innocent candidate has imagined herself in quite a different rôle. Her fancy has painted the woman journalist as a picturesque and favored individual, with unlimited opportunities for "seeing the world" and coming into contact with its great people.

In mind she has doubtless pictured herself smartly gowned and groomed, going about to the homes of the rich and the studios of the famous, received on an equal footing with other workers who use their brains for a living.

Instead of this she finds that she is a shunned and dreaded person, the very mention of whose errand is the signal for emphatic rebuffs and closed doors. She discovers that her only hope of "seeing people" is by force, or persistence, or stratagem, or by wheedling and persuasion that involve personal humiliation. And that even when she does triumph in gaining an audience with one of the mighty, she is received, not as a woman of brains, but as a distinct inferior.

There are, of course, exceptions to this latter condition, as the writer's own experience bears witness. Nevertheless, these exceptions only emphasize the rule.

If the luckless reporter is quick to comprehend, she soon sees that the private citizen's dread of her is due

to the modern methods of journalism, which hold no human being's personal affairs sacred. People run away from her because they are afraid of her. And they are afraid of her because they are afraid of the newspaper she represents. Her presence means publicity—horrible publicity—all the family affairs blazed broadcast for the public's delectation.

Rude, Impertinent, Callous

THEREFORE, in order to make any progress in her work, she must break over the barriers raised against one of her profession. This means that she must be aggressive instead of gentle, pushing herself where she is not wanted. That she must be rude, if necessary, persistent, impertinent, callous—anything to gain her point. In short, she must forget that she is a woman.

To be frank, the girl reporter must be a combination of several undesirable things. She must be detective, adventuress, errand boy, scout, scandal-monger, thief. For is it not thieving if one secures an interview by other than fair means?

None of this is the fault of any special individual or set of individuals. The editors themselves are not to blame. An editor may personally hold the highest ideals of honesty and may wholly disapprove of the methods he is pursuing. But he is helpless in the grip of the present newspaper system. He is a tool, just as the reporter is a tool, to serve the ends of that system. It is a perfectly cold-blooded proposition. His business is to get the news. How he gets it, who gets it, who suffers for it—these questions to him are not germane. The personal equation can not enter into his calculations.

If a woman has scruples against present-day journalistic methods, she should know it before she accepts a position on a newspaper. If she rebels when questionable assignments are given her, if she suffers compunctions and misgivings, it is her fault rather than the editor's. So long as she takes the position, it is presumed she is willing to conform to the conditions. If she can not do so, the only thing for her to do is to resign. The editor has neither time nor patience to listen to her complainings. He will not tolerate anything save cheerful, energetic, whole-hearted work.

The writer, however, has never yet been able to understand how it is possible for any woman to long remain cheerful, energetic, and enthusiastic in the chains of newspaper reporting. So far as my own experience is concerned, I do not hesitate to say that, although conscientiously performing the tasks assigned me during six years of such labor, I worked forever under protest. There was never a time when I was not opposed to the system whose tool I was.

Mine is a history of repeated attempts to break away from a profession which my best self did not approve, yet which necessity forced me to follow. These attempts always proved futile, and I was as repeatedly pulled back to the work I so thoroughly disliked.

Understand, my record is one of unusual honesty and straightforwardness. I can truthfully say that during my entire experience I never knowingly hurt a human being nor did I resort to fraud or trickery to secure what I wanted. I was scrupulously careful not to misquote or misrepresent the persons I interviewed. I was almost morbidly conscientious in my efforts to give every one of my victims a fair show. And yet I could never rid my mind of the realization that they were victims. Here

was the whole hateful situation in a nutshell—these people were victims.

To begin with, just what do we mean by an "interview"? To the uninitiated the work suggests a conversation carried on between the reporter and the "interviewed" with the full consent of the latter. There is perhaps the atmosphere of a previous appointment or at least an agreement that puts the reporter at ease and justifies the publication of confidences given.

Nothing could be more remote from the truth, as regards the average news interview. I do not refer now to those special talks with noted persons—singers, actresses, speakers, and the like—who belong to the public and are not averse to discussing their views for publication. I mean conversations with private individuals—confidences that have a direct bearing upon the news.

Such an "interview" means, usually, the waylaying of a frowning and impatient personage who "never talks for the press" and extracting one or two words from him by sheer force of advantage. This person may be just leaving his club, or entering a café, or leaping into his motor car. Or he may be about to close the door in his questioner's face. Perhaps he does condescend to "talk"—that is, he utters half a dozen sentences in reply to a rapid fire of questions.

If the reporter is clever enough to take him off his guard, to startle from him remarks that suit the paper's purpose, so much the better for that reporter's "story."

Again, there is the "interview" that is still further removed from the genuine thing—the pilfered confidence obtained by diplomacy—or why not be honest and say deception? This means that the person enters into conversation without realizing that what he says is to appear in print.

This does not imply necessarily that the reporter prevaricates in so many words. It simply means that he leaves his victim in the dark as to his real purposes. He does not say: "This will not appear in print." Neither does he say: "This will appear in print." It is this tacit deception which is, perhaps, worse than any other method of stealing information.

Methods Persistent and Subtle

THE most difficult assignment that can be given to a woman reporter, or to any reporter, in fact, is that of securing interviews with the socially prominent and exclusive. The editor prizes as fine gold a genuine conversation with a real leader of society on some timely topic, or even a little chat with her on any personal theme.

It is practically impossible to obtain such interviews without the use of the subtlest methods or the most persistent. Without persistence the feat is rarely accomplished. Sometimes it happens that one can write an exceptionally persuasive or convincing note that wins the coveted hearing. This may occur half a dozen times in one's entire career.

If the girl reporter imagines for a moment that she can gain admission to the homes of the socially élite by simply sending up her card, or a mere note stating her errand, she is doomed to cruel disappointment. The butler will take her confident bit of pasteboard and noiselessly disappear, to return promptly with the superb announcement that Mrs. — is "not at home."

What, then, is the snubbed interviewer to do? Report failure to her editor? Not if she seriously expects to hold her position. The rebuff given her is merely the signal that her *real work* has just begun. It is now "up to her" to prove that she is a live reporter and not a pretender. She knows, in every inch of her, that it is her sworn duty to get that interview. How she will get it she hasn't the faintest idea. She can only try and try and keep on trying.

So she hangs about the house, in the hope that in due time Milady will appear at the door or descend the steps and that there will be a chance to snatch a word with her. When the hoped-for event does occur at last, and the actual "word" is snatched, it is not at all likely to be the sort of adjective the ambitious one is seeking.

But she can not afford to accept even this curt rebuke as final. Smarting under her second rebuff, she seeks a secluded place where she may gather her scattered forces and quietly plan a third attack. She must still persist. Later in the day she faces the butler with a carefully written note—earnest, almost ardent in its appeal—a note calculated to break the resistance of the haughtiest aristocrat that ever wielded a social scepter. And again the butler returns, with the still more superb announcement that there is "no awnsah."

What then? Must she give up—this ambitious seeker after journalistic laurels? By no means. There will be a to-morrow. She must try again.

And so next morning she marshals her wits to determine upon some plan whereby the unapproachable may be approached. Does Milady go to a neighbor's house to call? Very well. Thither also the girl reporter follows. If that fails, she is ready to pursue her victim to theater or reception—anywhere that she is likely to intercept her and force an interview.

Perhaps, at last, she faces madam on her own doorstep at night, where she has been lying in wait for her return from the opera. And then, perhaps, with beseechings, or tears, or some clever ruse, she startles the lady into uttering several definite statements.

The latter, however, probably does not in the least realize that she has "granted an interview." All she

knows is that a very hysterical young woman stepped out of her vestibule at night and flung questions and beseechings at her, and that on the spur of the moment she gave excited, quick replies. Not until she reads the morning papers does she realize with horror that she has given her family affairs to the public press.

This is the sort of activity that is daily required of the woman reporter. Without such methods she could not succeed at all.

Success Does Not Compensate for the Price

AND so, although I am one who has achieved unusual success in this field, passing rapidly from one position of trust to another, with a steadily increasing income, I feel, in looking back over my career, that my success did not compensate for the distress of mind that paid the price.

As I review my experiences to-day, apart from the atmosphere and environment that produced them, the thing I marvel at is that I could ever have forced myself to acts which wholly contradicted my personal standards of justice—acts which were a menace to my womanliness.

It is this that urges me to warn ambitious girls against the danger of becoming self-deceived about journalism. It is so easy to lose one's own views in the great maelstrom of energy and enterprise that create the daily paper. It is so easy to get the newspaper viewpoint. The more receptive, ardent, and ambitious a girl is, the sooner is she won over.



Presents a note calculated to break the resistance of the haughtiest aristocrat

Under the pressure of an editor's expectation, with the sanction of an entire office to back her, the woman reporter throws herself, heart and soul, into an undertaking which in its real nature is unscrupulous. The newspaper viewpoint makes it seem perfectly legitimate. Even an act which is brazen takes on the color of a heroic performance when the girl journalist attempts it. Deeds of daring and impertinence which as an individual she would regard with horror she executes, in the service of her paper, with all the abandonment of a soldier fighting for his country. But if she is a girl with a conscience, the reaction is inevitable. Away from the office or from the scene of conquest these acts, which had seemed "perfectly legitimate," loom before her in their true light—large, hideous, and impossible.

I went into newspaper work, not from choice, but from necessity. I had always been ambitious to write, but had not thought of the daily paper as the medium of development. Circumstances definitely decided the channel for my efforts.

The Asset of Personal Appearance

TO BEGIN with, my experiences can hardly be cited as representative of the average girl's struggle for honors in newspaper work. I did not go through the weary apprenticeship which most women endure before they have the slightest opportunity to make a record. This was largely due to the fact that I was not afraid of the untried. Almost at the outset I launched boldly into undertakings which are usually given only to the experienced. By such deeds I was able to set aside precedent.

My next important asset was the willingness and the ability to work. I worked early and I worked late, and I worked with the whole of my capacities. I had daring, determination, and enthusiasm that recognized no damper.

I began work in Chicago. Lest this narrative fall short of being strictly honest, I think I should state here that I was considered very good-looking. My friends told me that my looks were a potent aid to me in my work. Be that as it may, I know I did not rely upon my personal appearance to create my success. I always resented bitterly any suggestion that looks had anything to do with my achievements.

It might as well be acknowledged, however, that personal attractiveness has its own value in the eyes of an editor seeking feminine talent to augment his forces.

There are some editors who hold the opposite view, but they are in the minority.

It is advisable that the newspaper woman should have nothing about her appearance to betray her profession. She should dress with care and taste, and when she starts out on an assignment should look no different from women of leisure who sally forth for calls or shopping or the theater.

Time was when the mannish type of female reporter was in demand, but to-day the woman who makes the greatest success in reporting is the one who is most truly feminine. She must be the softest, sweetest, gentlest sort of person in appearance, and yet—such are the exactions and inconsistencies of her profession!—she must at the same time equal the strongest man in determination, force, persistence, and physical endurance.

The newspaper wants her tact and charm and poise, and her fetching appearance, but it also demands that she shall have pluck and fearlessness and an iron constitution.

Very early in my career I discovered that if I permitted feminine traits of sensitiveness or weakness to interfere with my tasks, I incurred the immediate displeasure of an editor. There are no special privileges for the woman who goes into newspaper work.

No editor wishes to be reminded that it is difficult to stand in a driving storm seeking to waylay some one for an interview. What he wants is the interview. He will not be bothered with the difficulties in the way.

To go back to my start in Chicago. I did not take up reporting at once. The opening wedge into journalism came for me through writing fiction. I supplied short stories for the editorial page of a leading Chicago daily, and so constant was the demand for them that I made a regular weekly income by that means.

My opportunity for larger work came most unexpectedly. One day the managing editor called me into his office and asked me abruptly: "How would you like to stop writing foolish love stories and really go to work?"

The First "Beat"

THEN he told me that the paper needed some one to undertake a very difficult and delicate assignment, and he was certain I could handle it. A woman who had figured prominently in a recent murder trial had eluded the press by fleeing to a distant city. He wanted me to pursue her and persuade her to tell her story.

I stood aghast, for I had never in my life interviewed any one and I knew nothing of newspaper methods. But I knew my chance had come and I could not refuse. I got the story—what in newspaper parlance is called a "beat." Contrary to the usual experience of that kind, I was not obliged to do the least thing that conflicted with my personal standards of honesty or kindness. It was one of those rare instances in which the "interviewed" is really willing to give her side of the case. Of course I had to convince her that such a step was wise, but I did not resort to any kind of trickery to do this.

After that success my path was clear. I was immediately put on the staff as a star reporter. At first I worked on space, which means that I was paid by the column instead of by the week. But my earnings mounted up so amazingly that the managing editor again had a conference with me, and laughingly suggested that, as I was making too much money, it might be wise for him to put me on a regular salary. He set my salary at thirty dollars a week.

For the benefit of the would-be journalist who would like to know just what kind of work I did and all the circumstances surrounding my daily tasks, let me say that I was sent everywhere that a "story" of real value was in progress. My specialty was to get what the editor calls the "human interest" side of life.

What a strange jumble of activities they were that made up my daily tasks, and what a wide range of subjects I had to cover, running the whole gamut of human experience—joys, sufferings, horrors, crimes, and scandals!

It meant plunging straight into the turmoil of Chicago life at its worst. It meant going into ill-smelling police stations, where tobacco smoke and the whisky-laden breaths of toughs and criminals stifled the lungs. It meant going into the reeking tenements of the poor, to the cells of thieves and murderers, to hospitals, jails, and morgues, and to courtrooms where the most shameless crimes and scandals were described in every detail.

In striking contrast were the assignments that took me to the palaces of the very rich; to operas, theaters, receptions, horse shows, and various brilliant social affairs.

Let not the aspirant for newspaper glory imagine for one instant that there was any glory in this. Indeed, it was assignments such as these that brought the keenest humiliations. Well do I remember the night I went to write up a great ball given by one of Chicago's social queens, and was obliged to stand aside meekly against the wall, like any menial. The society editress of my paper stood with me, and we commiserated with each other on our mutual discomfort and chagrin.

"The guests look upon us as housekeepers or servants!" exclaimed the young woman, with rising indignation. Even as she spoke one of the men guests came suddenly toward us.

"Won't you please get a glass of water for Mrs. A.?" he asked.

The united glance of fury we gave him sent him hurriedly away with a murmured apology.

But even such incidents were no more trying than those fearful occasions when I had to waylay people at opera or theater or horse show and beg them to give me their names and a description of their attire.

Yes, even a star reporter must occasionally descend to that. The exigencies of a great daily paper are such that superior workers are often called upon to perform the humble tasks. It is a tenet of the profession that an all-round reporter should be capable of all-round effort. No loyal journalist, therefore, is "above" any branch of labor, however mean.

The fact that my stories were signed in big black type and my picture frequently used to illustrate them did not give me the right to choose my assignments. I had to obey orders, just like any cub reporter. And so it frequently happened that I had to make myself a door mat for the whimsical rich to step on.

Even in the performance of star feats I was obliged to humiliate myself again and again, so there was really not much choice between the two kinds of work. I recall several instances when doors were closed in my face. On one occasion I barely snatched my hand from the door jamb in time to save it from being crushed. It was when I tried to secure an interview with the President's daughter, who was staying at the home of prominent Chicagoans. I had previously asked the man of the family to assist me, if possible, when the young lady should arrive. He promised to do what he could—probably did it to get rid of me. At any rate, when later I tried to see him at the house, the butler banged the door on me, and only my quick action saved my endangered hand.

One week of such experience is usually sufficient to dishearten any sensitive woman and send her back to her home thoroughly cured of her ambitions. I confess I did want to give up, but circumstances would not let me, so I pushed on.

There were always flashes of lightning to illuminate the gloom. Every now and then I achieved some startling triumph that almost seemed to compensate for the stings and struggles of daily drudgery. These victories

had their price, but the reward was sweet when the whole office swarmed about me with congratulations.

I recall distinctly the thrill of the first brilliant achievement following the one that made my place for me on the paper. It was this assignment that impressed upon me fully the deception of the newspaper method in securing an interview. I was still green enough to feel a shock at the revelation—indeed, so very green that I did not realize I had won a victory until I was told.

The wife of a prominent State official had been slandered in a well-known scandal weekly, and her husband threatened to kill the editor of the publication. There was great commotion in social and political circles of the State, and the story made splendid copy for the papers.

No one, however, had been able to obtain a single word for publication from the official or his wife. The situation was maddening to an enterprising daily such as mine. My editor determined that he would not be balked.

Exposing a Woman's Heart

"I'll wager Miss Eliot can get all the facts straight from the lady herself!" he declared. So he called me to his sanctum and issued the following mandate: "Jump over to Springfield on the next train, see Mrs. —, and get her to tell you all about this affair. Get her to praise her husband and declare he did the only right and noble thing—that will make a bully yarn."

It was agreed that one of the most capable men on the staff should accompany me and arrange all the details. I was assured that none of the difficult work would fall to me. I was simply to listen when the lady told her story and record it.

Which all sounded beautiful enough. But the cold light of the following morning revealed the fact that the Springfield mansion was a closed castle to reporters. The situation was hopeless, from every angle, so far as my helper was concerned.

"I give it up," he said. "You'll have to make a try at it alone."

Impatient telegrams were coming in shoals from the editors, who wanted to know what all the delay was about. The pressure of the situation fired me to an

almost supernaturally confident state of mind. I felt suddenly equal to the task. Never would I fall down on an assignment as important as this!

Bravely I ascended the steps of the mansion, though my heart thumped furiously against my ribs.

A white-capped maid answered my ring.

"Is Mrs. — at home?" I asked naturally, as if I were a calling acquaintance.

The maid looked me over.

"Yes, miss, but she isn't up yet. She's not feeling very well this morning."

"I wish you would tell her I want to see her—I shall not detain her long."

The maid asked me to enter, and as I did so I gazed at her very earnestly. "I hope she will see me a moment," I said.

I sat in the reception-room, tense from head to foot. The maid returned in a moment. "She's not feeling well and is caring for her little girl, who has been quite ill. She begs to be excused."

I stood looking at her. "Please," I said, "won't you ask her again? I'm very sorry to trouble her just now, but this is most important."

When the white cap appeared again, my heart leaped with joy.

"Madam will see you just a moment," she announced.

I recall so well my excitement as I followed the maid upstairs. In a dainty room, pink shaded, the official's wife lay in bed with her little daughter. Both gazed at me curiously as I approached. Then the lady, from her rose-colored coverlet, smiled graciously upon me.

I did not deceive her. I told her, very early in the conversation, that I was a newspaper representative. She did not appear horrified or indignant, because my manner seemed to inspire trust. I said to her at once:

"Please do not think I intend to annoy you in any way. I can well imagine that you have been bothered to death with reporters, and I know just how you must feel about it. I am simply obeying instructions in coming here to ask if you have any statement to make."

"Statement? Oh, no, indeed—I have absolutely nothing to say for publication. All this notoriety is horri-

(Concluded on page 22)

The Suppressed Correspondence of Congressman Jones

I—Representing the Home Folks

The Secret Code That Tells How the Middletown Folk Grew Impatient to See Washington Capsized by Their Promising Statesman

Illustrated by
F. T. RICHARDS

Divulged by WALLACE IRWIN

FROM Luther C. White, Dry Goods, Groceries, and Hardware, Middletown, to Representative Daniel Webster Jones, Washington.

"DEAR SIR:

"I DON'T think Congress is as bad as they say it is. There's a limit to the imagination. But us leading business men of Middletown are pretty well agreed that you'll bear watching. However well brought up a young man is to home, it don't follow that he's going to behave himself when he gets loose among a pack of skallywags and corporation boosters.

"The question being asked on every hand here is: What is Dan Jones doing for his constituents? You've got a good voice and a fine presence. Then why ain't none of your speeches and goings on reported in the daily papers alongside of Victor Murdock and others who have been making the halls of Congress ring with noble thoughts and sentiments? Can't you make them halls ring, too? As I recollect, you was quite a remarkable ringer yourself last election when you was stumping the State for Jones. What's happened since? Is the old bell cracked?

"I heard you speak here on that occasion, and I don't mind saying I was pretty favorable impressed by you. Everybody here—except Mr. and Mrs. Honeycutt—was real inspired and interested in your personality. You was about the grandest sight we ever seen and we was sure you would do credit to the town that born you. You reminded us of Abe Lincoln—only you seemed a lot more sincere. It looked as if Corruption wasn't going

to last more'n half an hour after you got your hand in at Washington. J. C. Dawson said: 'What an ornament he'd be to the Supreme Bench!' But I said: 'No, siree! We ain't going to let 'em bury our Home Boy in no living tomb like that!' You see, we had you ticketed for the Presidency. And after you'd served for two terms you'd simply *have* to accept a third, even if a delegation from Middletown had to go up to Washington and *make* you stay on the job.

"Well, boy, you've been up there a powerful long time and all the folks is beginning to wonder what has become of the Trust Defier of Middletown. Where's the young feller that stood right up in meeting here and promised to coax the Demon of Corruption into the Arena of Eternal Truth, and, meeting him as man to man, to tie the fireworks of irrefutable logic to his tail, to light it with a morning star and send the Demon Tempter ki-yipping and skeedaddling into the stygian darkness of innocuous desuetude?

"According to newspaper reports, you ain't done nothing of the sort. Charley Kennedy, the feed and coal man, has been looking up the news about you in the Congressional Record. Charley has sent to the Librarian of Congress for the one copy he missed.

He hoped maybe that might have something important about you. The others didn't. Your name was only mentioned six times in two years. If home folks don't get into the Middletown 'Gazette' oftener than that, it's a pretty sure sign they're either dead or moved away. Here's all we could find about you in the Congressional Record:

"Representative Jones arose to speak, but was out of order."

"Representative Jones said he quite agreed with the Speaker."

"Representative Jones seconded the motion."

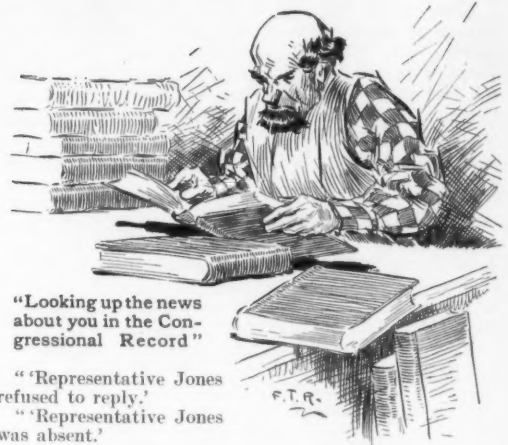
"Representative Jones did not vote."

"Representative Jones was not there."



F. T. RICHARDS

"Mrs. Dan entertained at croquet last Wednesday"



"Looking up the news about you in the Congressional Record"

"Representative Jones refused to reply."

"Representative Jones was absent."

"It looks to me as if you was either playing hookey or else behaving yourself so good that nobody knows you are there. Seems to me you could jump in once in a while and advertise Middletown. Even if you ain't got the grit to be a good Democrat, you might at least act like an Insurgent."

"Now look here. The Sovereign People of Middletown sent you to Congress with instructions to get a substantial revision downward. We want apples protected—we grow apples. But we don't intend to have our wives paying three cents a yard extra for calico for the benefit of the Cotton Combine."

"You're a bright young feller, Dan'l, and you got a good chance to make yourself and Middletown famous. But we ain't paying you a fancy Congressional salary of \$7,500 a year just to keep your family in luxury like Grand Dukes."

"Remember, the best interests of the community demands a reduced rate on cotton cloth. Hoping you will get it. Yours truly, L. C. WHITE."

From Bolton Weaver, President Slopshop Milling Co.:

"DEAR MR. JONES—We note that your attitude toward the Cotton Schedules has not yet been made public. Will you have a talk with Senator Glibb before taking a definite stand? We feel sure that the *best interests of your community demand an increased rate on cotton cloth*. Very cordially yours, BOLTON WEAVER."

Paragraph from the Middletown "Gazette":

"Mrs. Congressman Dan'l Webster Jones is in our midst this summer visiting her folks, while Dan is up to Washington attending to what is generally supposed to be the best interests of the community. Mrs. Dan entertained at croquet last Wednesday and wore some New York clothes that made most of our local smart set wish that their husbands was earning \$7,500 a year."

From Mrs. Daniel Webster Jones, Middletown:

"DEAR DAN—Can't you send me a little extra for clothes? The children aren't fit to be seen and I've positively nothing to wear. The Hopkinses and the

Sullivans are here from the East and I look too dowdy to see them. Everything I have is at least two years old; and I've got to keep up some kind of an appearance. I know, dear, it's hard for us to make both ends meet on that horrid little Congressional salary. But you could run—and I suppose your family has to bear the brunt of it. Lovingly,
"EMMA."

From Alex. L. Bel-lows, Attorney at Law, Middletown:

"DEAR DANNY—Don't you think you'd better come home before you queer yourself? The old farm and the cows and the horses are still here, to say nothing of a small but dishonest legal practise with a fighting chance to be Governor some day, if you stand in with the Bunch. But what chance has a Democratic Congressman got in these parlous times of Tariff? Politically speaking, he's a sort of cross between a suffragette and a yellow dog. Old Cincinnatus Welch, the village cynic, asked me yesterday: 'What's the difference between a Republican Congressman and a Democratic Congressman?' 'Is there?' says I. 'There is,' says Cincinnatus. 'A Republican Congressman promises revision upward and votes for it; a Democratic Congressman promises revision downward and votes with the Republicans.'"

"Take a tip from your old college chump, Danny. Give your constituents some action for their money, if nothing else. They're getting impatient. The Common People here are just as common as ever. If they can't get Justice they want a Circus. If you'll only kick the Octopus behind the gills in the broad glare of noonday, they'll forgive you for holding hands with the Monster at twilight when the gas is low. But, for heaven's sake, kick!"

"Being human, the voters of this district can take a broad, patriotic interest only in the things they haven't any direct interest in. The local reformers are very stern about punching the coal-kings and the lumberbarons; but they're more lenient in the matter of coal-oil, because there's considerable petroleum in this district."

"And, by the way, they're speaking very harshly of you in reference to your long-continued silence on the



"Take a letter of introduction to Uncle's private office"

"Whereas—You was sent up there to represent the home interests; also to get us a revision downward, an appropriation for the Phillipsburg Canal, and a D. W. & C. extension to this place, instead of which you seem to be setting around Washington hobnobbing with the rich looters of the Commonwealth; and,

"Whereas—You have promised time and agin to call the attention of Hon. J. R. Cannon to tariff abuses which you ain't done yet; be it therefore

"Resolved—That you ain't doing your duty by your constituents; and furthermore

"Resolved—That you dassn't come home until you do.

"Signed,

"S. HONEYCUTT (Chairman),
ARTHUR FERGUSON,
LUCAS L. WHITE,
DR. J. SNYDER."

From Representative Hardnutt, Washington, to Representative Jones, Washington:

"DEAR JONES—For the past two or three weeks I have noticed you trying to get the attention of the Speaker. What result? There's another shapeless blob upon the people's forum. It was a beautiful and impressive sight to see you rise to your feet and bellow 'Mr. Speaker!' to the gentleman with the Lincoln whiskers and the Mark Hanna heart. Nothing doing. The great god Baal was asleep or gone a-fishing. The eyes of Uncle Joe were fixed on the ceiling—looking for the spot where the ideal tariff ought to go, I think. You cleared your throat and tried again. Did you ever see a horse-fly lift up his little trunk and trumpet at an elephant? That was you, trying to flag Uncle during one of his deaf spells. You stood right up and turned around and sat right down again."

"My dear fellow, why don't you learn to stay knocked out when you're hit? You're like Truth—crushed to earth you rise again. But mind you, even Truth will lose its bounce after it's been swatted often enough."

"If you really want to get a speech over to Uncle, cut out the Demosthenes act and take on a little of the Machiavelli. Mack was the smart Dago, after all; he knew the value of gumshoes long before phonographs were invented."

"Get a letter of introduction from the Sugar Trust and take it around to Uncle's private office. Maybe he'll let you make your little speech there. Who knows? If he likes the speech, maybe he'll put you on the Ways and Means Committee where you can be of great service to your Country through the Corporations who rule it. That's the only practical way. I've tried 'em all. Cordially yours, JOHN D. HARDNUTT."

Item from the Middletown "Gazette":

"BANQUET TO CONGRESSMAN JONES"

"Last night at Odd Fellows' Hall a banquet was tendered our distinguished and once popular fellow citizen, Cong. Dan'l Webster Jones. Quite a concourse of prominent citizens turned out to greet our home boy, who is said to be quite a favorite with Speaker Cannon and Senators Hale and Aldrich, which is very nice for Dan, but kind of hard on the home folks."

"During the function Mrs. Congressman Jones was seen by our reporter sitting apart in the visitors' box with friends from the East and wearing one of the expensive toilettes which made her famous among the smart set of Washington and New York."

"Rev. Lucius Pratt spoke first with a short prayer in which he wished that some young warriors of the present day was like David of old who slew the giant Corruption with a small pebble and refused to loaf around with the dudes and boddlers. Asa Bird introduced the distinguished guest with a few well-chosen remarks, wherein he said that all could not succeed in the battle of life, but that the people of Middletown were willing to stand by their representative whether he stood by them or not. (Applause.) Hon. Dan'l Webster Jones next arose and made the speech of the evening. He praised our climate and our skies, not forgetting to touch lightly on the talents of our sons and daughters and our unequalled output of apples."

"He said further that the conditions of the Country were very bad. If we knew all, he said, our blood would boil in our veins. Not only were the Trusts, observed the speaker, like an Octopus reaching out over our broad land, but they were also employing legislators in the halls of Congress to represent their interests and not those of the people. (Applause.) Consequently, said Mr. Jones, the rich were growing richer

and the poor poorer every day. When statesmen like Aldrich and Hale were making a patriotic show of revising the Tariff, who were they seeking to benefit? The People? No! Who, then? Need any one answer? (Cries of: 'They needn't!') But fortunately the American people would not be flim-flammed forever. They might swallow a gold-brick now and then, but they still



"It don't do much good talking in Middletown after the damage is done in Washington"

knew the difference between Up and Down. The time was coming, and that soon, when the Tariff would be revised by the People. And on such a day laws would be made for the interests of the People and not for the

people of the Interests."

"The speech was greeted with loud applause, and after listening to 'Violets' and 'I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark,' as rendered by our Volunteer Firemen's Band, all adjourned, voting the affair a great success."

"When interviewed by our reporter last night, Dr. J. Snyder, our popular painless dentist, said: 'It don't do much good talking in Middletown after the damage is done in Washington. If Dan Jones is such a fine rag-chewer, why didn't he bite

off a little of that tariff on cotton cloth? Mr. and Mrs. Congressman Jones depart to-morrow for a short vacation at the seashore. Have a good time, Dan!'"



"Asa Bird introduced the distinguished guest with a few well-chosen remarks, and said that they would stand by their representative"



"The eyes of Uncle Joe were fixed on the ceiling looking for the spot where the ideal tariff ought to go"

question of cotton cloth. L. C. White, who runs everything here, says that if you don't reduce that cotton tariff he'll throw the Good Government League to the Saloon Push with the result that your political future will look like King Alfonso in a Socialist convention.

"Line 'er out, kid! Nervously, ALECK."

From Citizens' Committee, Middletown, to Congressman Jones:

"DEAR SIR—We, the Citizens' Committee of Middletown, hereby assembled and getting madder every minute, are anxious to know if—

"Whereas—We all voted for you and put more than was decent in the campaign fund; and,



"You was about the grandest sight we ever seen, and you done credit to the town that borned you"

THIS is the first of a new series of articles by Wallace Irwin, creator of Hashimura Togo, "The Japanese Schoolboy."

Stalked by an African Lion

An Experience of Collier's Photographer, in Which He Has Better Use for the Trigger Than the Camera-Shutter

HARTEBEESTS



ANIMALS, though very plentiful near our camp, which was in the neighborhood of the Tana River, were so wild that stalking them was excessively difficult. They were constantly on the lookout for lions, and their alertness was truly surprising. I determined after watching their habits for several days to resort to lying in wait for them at a certain place where they were in the habit of passing each morning. Zebras, hartebeests, and impalas were the only kinds I expected to see, but of none of these had I as yet secured

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM LIFE BY THE AUTHOR

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they stood staring in my direction for many minutes. I was sure they could not see me, and wondered what it was that interested them. I was not long left in doubt: a wretched hartebeest was coming to warn them of my presence. For over an hour he had been standing in the open plain, about a quarter of a mile away, watching me, and had evidently made up his mind to keep all animals away from my blind. He passed close to me, and on getting near the zebras gave a snort of alarm, and off they all went together. The special friends of the hartebeests are, apparently, the zebras, and I have known them to go a long distance out of their way to warn these friends of theirs of impending danger. I thought of returning to camp for a sleep, as I was very tired after the long night's watch, but it was nearing lunch hour, so I decided to wait a little longer, and beguiled the time writing letters, keeping all the while a good look-



GIRAFFES

the greatest possible care and deliberation, and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw the big brute roll over. I had still three cartridges left. All this time the second lion had stood absolutely immovable, staring at me. I fired as quickly as I could and knocked him over. The feeling of relief was greater than can be imagined, but I had another moment of anxiety as I saw that the first lion had not been fatally wounded! Curiously enough, instead of charging me, as a wounded lion might be expected to do, he got up and slowly moved away, going into some thick brush. I signaled to my camera-bearer,



"The second lion, which had its back broken, gave a frightful roar, and my camera bearer completely collapsed"

any satisfactory pictures; so one morning, after having spent the night watching for lions in a boma, I started off to the selected place and made a rough blind with leafy branches, and there alone with a camera—and by good luck a rifle—I made myself comfortable. After about an hour's waiting a small herd of hartebeests came out of the sugar-bush, and I wondered whether they would come within range, for they are wonderfully careful animals, and act as the sentries for most of the African game. Hitherto all my efforts to get within camera range of them had been unavailing. I got my camera ready as quietly as possible, and watched. Another small herd emerged from some scrubby woods about one hundred yards away. The two herds eyed each other suspiciously for some minutes, and then slowly came toward me. As soon as they were near enough I made two exposures; but the sound of the shutter frightened them away for good. It was not long before some zebras came walking cautiously along the same path. They stopped before they were near enough for anything but a telephoto picture, and

out to windward, which is the direction from which the animals would naturally approach, as coming the other way they would, of course, get scent of me. For some reason or other, just as I was finishing a letter, I happened to glance down wind. It was the most fortunate thing that has ever happened to me, for there, not eighty yards away, were two immense lions stalking me across some open ground. The sudden sight of these two big tawny yellow brutes was enough to stagger any one. They had seen me move, and had stopped immediately, absolutely still, with their eyes fixed on me! My first impulse was to grab a camera and get a picture of them, but as I leaned forward to pick it up they both took a few long slow steps forward, and I decided that it was no time for camera work if I wished to take my own skin safely back to camp. I therefore took up the rifle instead, feeling that it was far more useful than the camera. In my excitement I forgot to look to the sights of my rifle, taking it for granted that they would be set for one hundred yards, as I always kept them. I aimed at the larger of the two lions; the shot struck high, just over his head. I attributed this miss to my own excitement, and, taking more careful aim, fired again, with exactly the same result. Then I looked at the sights, and found that my gun-bearer had set them for three hundred yards. About this time I realized with sudden feeling of horror that I had no ammunition with me except the six cartridges that had been in the magazine and chamber of the rifle. There were no trees near me in which I could have taken refuge. It is perhaps needless to say that the next shot was fired with

who was waiting between me and camp, and he came running toward me. His course led him about seventy yards from the second lion, which had its back broken, and as he rushed past the lion gave a frightful roar; the poor negro thought his last moment had come, and completely collapsed. I persuaded him that he was not in immediate danger, and that I wanted him to go for some more ammunition so that I could take after the wounded beast, and put the other one out of its misery. He went off gladly enough, and returned with the whole camp following. We searched the scrubby woods, only to find a blood-stained track of the wounded lion and tracks of another one close beside. So it was particularly fortunate that I had not followed with my scanty supply of cartridges, and I ceased regretting the loss of the fine skin which I should greatly have liked to keep as a souvenir of my fortunate escape. However, I have the other skin, to say nothing of my own, so it would be ungrateful to complain of my luck.



STORKS



ZEBRAS

Aug. 21

Two Strong Men of Colombia

The One Who Got Tired and the One Who Stayed,—What They Did in a National Crisis

By PERRY HAMILTON

ONE of the two real men the Republic of Colombia has developed has gone away. General Rafael Reyes, cattleman, President, and a slow-moving, tired mountain of personal force, has renounced his claim to the Presidency, and, in Europe, is seeking the rest and quiet he has not had for months in Colombia. The other is still in Bogota. He is the young, vigorous, and enthusiastic General Alfredo Vázquez Cobo, President of the National Assembly and, for thirty-six hours, Minister of War.

These two men have not been friends; they have not got on very well together. But both have shown rare qualities of courage and patriotism, and it may turn out that one will take the other's place at the helm. Both have played dramatic rôles in Colombia's history. Once, on a rather recent occasion, they came together to save the integrity of their country. It is not a long story, this narrative of how an excited people was brought back to sanity, but it is characteristic of the country which has represented such bitter hostility to the United States and the Panama Canal enterprise.

On the 9th of last January Dr. Enrique Cortés, Colombian Minister at Washington, and Mr. Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, signed a treaty to facilitate the settlement of questions pending between Colombia and Panama. At the same time a treaty was signed between Colombia and Panama recognizing the independence of the latter and making provision for the establishment of a boundary between the two. Both instruments were more generous with Colombia than circumstances required. Perhaps conscience whispered that Colombia, whether through her own fault or not, had not been well treated in the matter of the separation of Panama.

The American Minister to Colombia left Washington for Bogota to secure the ratification of the treaties. To this end also, General Reyes called a "National Assembly," its members practically nominated and, he had reason to suppose, controlled by him. Certainly they should have been. They were, for the most part, Bogota politicians making their living, one way or another, out of the Government, which was Reyes. It is true there were from the start certain constitutional objections to ratification by anything except an elected Congress. Dr. Nicolás Esguerra stated them in a memorial addressed to the National Assembly, but he overlooked the fact that almost all the late treaties with Colombia have been ratified by just such a body.

The Split Over Panama

THERE were also more serious popular objections to the admission that Panama had successfully seceded from her mother country. One does not care to accept this in Bogota. Bogota is very far away indeed from the world, and facts filter slowly into the Colombian mind. The real trouble was, however, that the politicians were tired of the amiable despot who ruled them, and the people of the country were vexed with him. Of course, if it were not Reyes, it would be some one else. But there have been four years of Reyes.

So, with very little warning, on the 8th of March trouble began. The special committee, appointed by the Assembly to consider the treaties, reported in favor of passage. But Dr. Antonio José Restrepo, who presented the report, was followed home by a howling mob of students who accused him of wishing to betray the honor of Colombia. The next day a crowd of students rushed into the American Legation to protest to the American Minister against the treaties. They were met with courtesy. Later a mob shrieked various unpleasant things about Americans under the windows of the legation.

General Reyes designated General Jorge Holguín to succeed to the Presidency in case of accident. General Vázquez Cobo was elected to supplant General Holguín as President of the Assembly.

On Saturday a crowd of students entered the Presidential palace and demanded to see General Reyes.

"We will not stand for these treaties," they cried. "I have pledged myself to the treaties," replied the President. "If the people of Colombia will not uphold me, I must fall with the treaties. What do you want me to do?"

"We can not say what we want to say, because you are President," they answered.

"Speak to me, then, as Colombians to a Colombian, not as to a President. I shall submit my resignation to the National Assembly at once."

They did not need to be urged, these students. They said what was in their minds with more frankness than caution. The President was as good as his word. He listened to them and tried in vain to argue with them. Then he sent in his resignation to the Assembly, and General Holguín assumed the Presidency, naming a Cabinet in which the idol of the malecontents, Dr. Nicolás Esguerra, succeeded him as Minister of Finance. The latter was for breaking all relations with the United States at once. The treaties were withdrawn from consideration by the Assembly. Bogota went wild.

When the Mob Stormed General Cobo's House

THOUSANDS of people thronged the streets crying: "Down with Reyes! Death to the traitors!"—the last a gentle allusion to those who would admit the independence of Panama. All day a seething mob swept from one plaza to another; the police were helpless; Holguín made no attempt to control the crowd which overturned the city. The Minister of War, Carlos Cuervo Márquez, caught by the crowd while crossing the Plaza Bolívar, made a speech in which he said that it was a time for each man to be ruled by his own conscience, and to say and do what he chose. Speeches were delivered at every moment and some simultaneously. The news spread, firelike. In twelve hours there would have been civil war.

Then suddenly the mob made its fatal error. Crying "Down with the traitors!" they rushed to the house of

unannounced, marched straight to the huddled group of Ministers, and, leaning across the council table, pointed his finger at the idol of the hour, Dr. Nicolás Esguerra, and fairly barked at him: "Canaille! You are the only traitor in this country!" Then, with infinite contempt, he turned to the Minister of War. "Coward!" he said. "Get out of here!" Facing Holguín, he said: "Has this country a President or not? What are you doing here while a mob stones the houses of decent people? Is there a man in this country?" And just then General Reyes appeared in the doorway.

"Mr. President of the National Assembly," he said with quiet dignity, "you forget yourself and your high office."

"I forget my office!" shouted Vázquez Cobo. "It is these beings here who forget theirs! If that coward will not keep order in this city, I will go to the barracks and put myself at the head of the troops to guard the lives and property of your people!"

"Leave us, gentlemen," said General Reyes to the Ministers. "And you, sir," he thundered to Vázquez Cobo, "remember that you are speaking to the Chief Magistrate of the nation!"

"You are nothing! You have resigned under fire! You have deserted your trust! Come here!" He seized the arm of the General and dragged him toward the windows. "Do you hear what those beasts are shouting? 'Death to Reyes! Let the coward show himself!' If you allow that despicable mob to frighten you into laying down your authority and your responsibility, you are what they call you!"

There was a moment of silence. The cries of the mob rose through the windows. "Muera Reyes! Muera el vendedor!"

"By God," cried Reyes, "we shall see! I haven't had a man among all of these to help me, but you are a Man. I resume the Presidency and I make you Minister of War. Mr. Minister, I command you to order the troops to clear the streets, to place the city under martial law, to restore peace to Colombia!"

General Vázquez Cobo stepped out on the balcony. A roar broke from the mob; then there was silence.

"Cowards!" he shouted; "I will show you who is master here!"

He called an orderly and, in the hearing of the crowd, issued his commands: "Say to the commandant of the troops that Vázquez Cobo is Minister of War. Tell him to bring me a regiment and clear the streets of these swine. I shall wait here to see him do it."

The orderly saluted.

Calm After the Storm

IN TEN minutes there was not a man in the street before the palace. In fifteen minutes, with a great rattle, a company of cavalry escorted a machine gun through the crowd and unlimbered it on the terrace of the National Palace, where it could sweep the main square. In twenty minutes there were only soldiers in the plaza. An hour later, at two o'clock in the morning, a state of siege was declared, and General Nicolás Perdomo, whose reputation for mercilessness is second only to that of General Aristides Fernández, was placed in command of the city, and General Fernández himself, "the butcher," was made Chief of Staff. Reyes was again President. Peace was restored.

Monday was as if nothing had happened, save for a policeman armed with a Mauser at every corner. Business reopened. People in the streets, where most of the business of Bogota is transacted, talked of the rate of exchange and the expected arrival of the mail. The revolution was over. At noon General Vázquez Cobo resigned his post as Minister of War and returned to preside over the National Assembly.

General Reyes looms big in failure—the sentiment against ratification was so strong that a sick man could not combat it—and his country will remember him as a distinguished soldier, explorer (on one expedition he split the South American wilds from Panama to Patagonia), diplomat. For twenty-five years before 1904, when he was made President, he was a power. Now he is old and ill, and the weight of his years presses him heavily. His resignation has been accepted by the Colombian Congress, and General Jorge Holguín, whom he left in charge when he went to Europe, has been appointed to serve out the unexpired term. Another election will be held in a few months, and another President will be chosen. Will it be General Cobo? Perhaps—if he will accept. But, as I have tried to show, he is not a politician. He is a patriot.



General Reyes reviewing his troops from the balcony of the Presidential palace, Bogota

General Vázquez Cobo. From the street before the house and from the Plaza Santander they stoned the house, breaking its windows and battering at its door, howling for the death of this man whom they believed ready to sell the honor of Colombia.

Now, General Vázquez Cobo is not a politician. He is rather a business man, a husband, and a father—very recently the latter. His wife was yet ill and the twin babies still nursing. When the ruffians attacked the house, Señora Vázquez Cobo was thrown into a pitiable state. But the state of General Vázquez Cobo was anything but pitiable. The mob left at last. General Vázquez Cobo carried his wife to another house and left her with friends. Then he jammed his hat on his head and set off for the Presidential palace.

Before the palace the street was black with people, screaming: "Down with Reyes, the thief! Let the coward come out! Death to Reyes, the traitor!" Within, Acting President Holguín had called a Cabinet meeting of five badly frightened statesmen. Reyes, the dethroned, was closeted in his own room. Vázquez Cobo elbowed his way through the mob and mounted the stairs of the palace three steps at a time. He entered the council hall



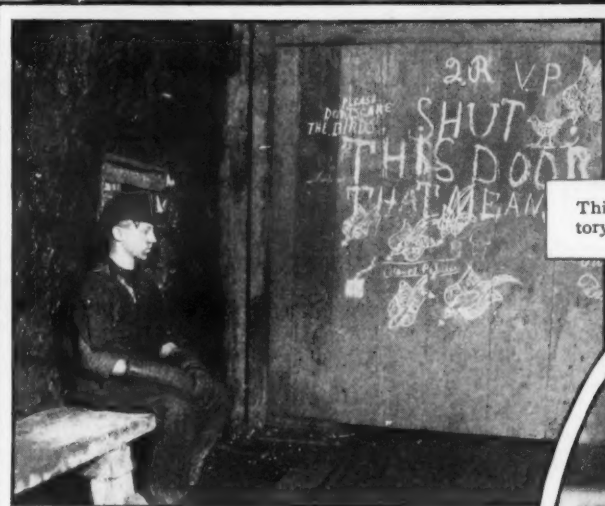
The Closing Hour
Boys employed in a West Virginia glass factory. An alternate day and night shift



Midnight in an Indiana glass works. A good place for "intervention"



Boy drivers in a coal mine. Legislation, strictly enforced, is the remedy



This boy remains ten hours a day in a dark mine, most of the time sitting idle. The article tells of him

This lad, working in a Cincinnati box factory, had his right arm cut off by a saw



A boy making melon baskets in a factory of Indiana. These photographs are mostly of "Northern" scenes

HERE is a page full of children who work. They are mostly chosen from north of Mason and Dixon's line. They are under a proper legal age, which means that the work is too severe for their health, stunting their growth. The effect of child labor has been proved to be undersized men and women, oftentimes peculiarly susceptible to disease. The census of 1900 gives seven hundred thousand children in gainful pursuits other than agricultural.

Illiteracy goes hand in hand with child labor. Thus, in three States, the illiteracy of the children of the factory families from ten to fourteen years of age is from three to four times as great as the illiteracy of the white children of the same ages in these States at large, so that ignorance is added to ill-health.

The evil of child labor is not confined to any one section of the country. New England, the Middle West, Philadelphia and its environs, and the Piedmont region profit by it. The man who made the photographs on

this page has met child-labor conditions in twenty States, and has registered what he has seen in one thousand photographs, distributed over many geographical sections.

The boy sitting at the door on which the cryptic notation has been revealed by the flashlight is a trapper boy, fifteen years old, who has "trapped" for several years in a West Virginia mine at seventy-five cents a day for ten hours work. All he does is to open and shut the door—most of the time sitting idle and waiting for the coal-cars to pass through. The writing on the door was not visible in the dark mine till the plate was developed.

The results of child labor in England were acutely seen in the physique of the men desiring to enlist for the regular army at the time of the Boer War. It was found that the average measurements of the men from certain factory sections were noticeably of a lower standard than those of previous generations.

The Child Workers

Who Get No Summer Vacation



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BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Waiting for Her

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA



for Her Answer

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

The Menace of the Still-Devil

Obstacles Met in Following the Whisky Trail Through the Mountainous Regions of the Southern States

By MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

A COMPILATION of the records of the Revenue Service would prove the most thrilling chapter in the story of our civil government, for it is a service which demands absolute fearlessness and indifference to weather, bullets, or adverse criticism. If one glances over a newspaper's account of a successful raid, with a quantity of contraband stuff seized and a prisoner captured, the natural comment is: "Poor fellow!" The stir of sympathy is for the illiterate and impecunious lawbreaker; one pictures him at his lonely still, while the armed enforcer of the law creeps upon him unawares. There is the homely rime:

*"I care not which dog may be in the wrong,
Nor which begun the fight,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight."*

To make up for the lack of public sympathy between the deputies, there exists a loyalty, a comradeship, which seems to take the place of the wider sympathy they lose. This is especially the case where the collector is a man whose forceful personality arouses fealty to him and enthusiasm for the service. Those who war against "moonshine" must soberly realize that they will face the primitive emotions of hate, revenge, and treachery. Instead of the bluish-green stamp of the Government for tax-paid spirits, they find the red smear of blood.

Take the following cases:

Hunting "Moonshiners"

ON THE 23d of October, 1906, a deputy marshal named Jordan was shot at Youngsville, North Carolina, by a blockader named Robbins. His face was peppered with birdshot, of which he claims "nearly all have been extracted, not but nine left." The blockader was sentenced to the United States prison at Atlanta, and by the 23d of August, 1907, Mr. Jordan had forgotten all about the matter. The office had reports of a still five miles south of Chapel Hill. Jordan, Deputy Collector Hendrix, and posseman Banks drove from Raleigh direct to the spot, purposely avoiding going by Durham, and not knowing that a party had been sent from Greensboro with instructions to join them there. In the mean time, at Durham, a new informer told Deputy Henry, with his two possemen, that he had located a moonshine outfit to which he could lead them.

There was a full moon, but it had gone under a cloud and a light rain was falling when Jordan and his party stealthily approached the still. They advanced along the side of a creek, and presently Jordan stumbled over a box. Stooping down to examine it, he said to the others: "Here is the meal and malt!"

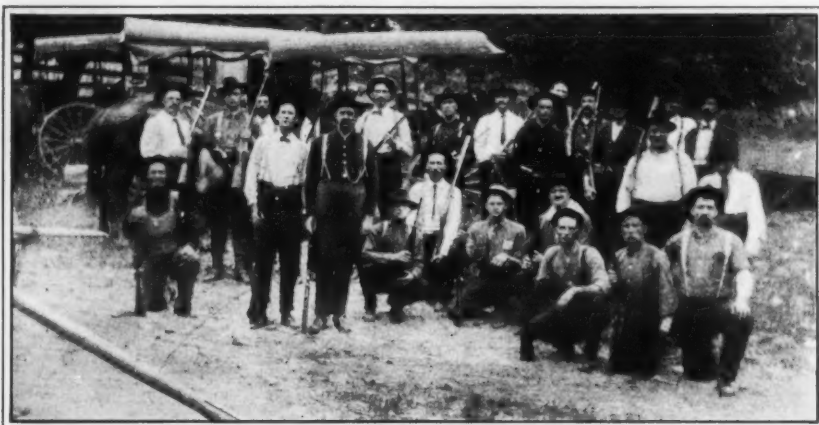
As he looked up, the barrel of a revolver was not a foot from his face. Jordan knocked it up with the muzzle of his rifle, and it fired. His pistol was in his pocket, or he would have killed the other man at once. In the flash of a moment there was repeated firing—indeed, Deputy Henry is positive that Jordan fired the first shot. Jordan, wounded, crouched back of the box of meal and malt, firing as well as he could. He could not see his adversary; all that was visible was the glint of his pistol among the elder-bushes. Shots were furiously exchanged, and then as the tardy moon came forth, Jordan saw Hendrix and Riggsbee scuffling in a hand-to-hand combat, suddenly recognized Riggsbee, and called out to him.

The two parties, each of whom had mistaken the other for blockaders, now had to reckon with the deadly consequences of their blunder. Poor Banks lay with a leg shattered; Henry was hit in the thigh; one of his possemen in the right arm, and Jordan was bleeding from three ghastly wounds, a bullet having passed through his left thigh, and another through his right knee. While the wounded men lay there, their comrades, though fearing their lives might flicker out before relief could reach them, did not forget the purpose for which they had come. The beer was poured on the ground, the still cut to pieces with the still-devils (picks made for the purpose), and they went about their work as if there had been no bloody prelude. It is an interesting point—but a moment's reflection will cause any one to see that the Government can not pay for mistakes. A deputy marshal is paid by fees, so during the time Jordan's condition fluctuated between life and death, and during the weeks of his slow convalescence, among other disadvantages, he had to suffer the loss of his income.

A similar mistake took place on the Virginia-Carolina line, and was as bloody an affray as the old "border battles" of hostile clans. The Internal Revenue office at Richmond had information of a still and sent out a party to capture it. In the mean time, North Carolina deputies had located it as being in their territory, and had gone to the still. They were preparing to demolish it, when they saw men approaching. Mistaking them for the owners making an attack, they called upon them to halt and to throw up their hands. Naturally, the Virginians thought they had to reckon with armed and entrenched blockaders, and they re-

turned the demand for surrender by opening fire. Not until one party surrendered, after every man in it had been wounded and the young leader horribly shot, did they find out the grim truth. This man is now a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, and at the time was working in the revenue service to defray his expenses at the theological seminary.

One familiar with the disposition of the razor-back hog knows that he is but a foolish beast, and that whenever he is called, and from whatever direction, his sole impulse is to make straight to the place where he is habitually fed. For instance, a man in the back of the pasture or by the side of the road may call him, and he straightway rushes for the feed-trough behind the barn. A deputy in Randolph County, North Carolina, put his early training on the farm to good account. Seeing a drove of well-fed "pine rooters," he shouted the familiar, long-drawn summons, and followed them as fast as he could ride, until he came to the still where they were fed upon the spent beer, and there he caught their master red-handed in the act.



The officers leaving Smithtown, Tennessee, after finishing their raid of July 23-25, 1907, where they destroyed four distilleries—thirteen the month before

In Letcher County, Kentucky, Deputy H. B. Taylor was led to a still in the same way by a large white gander which fattened there.

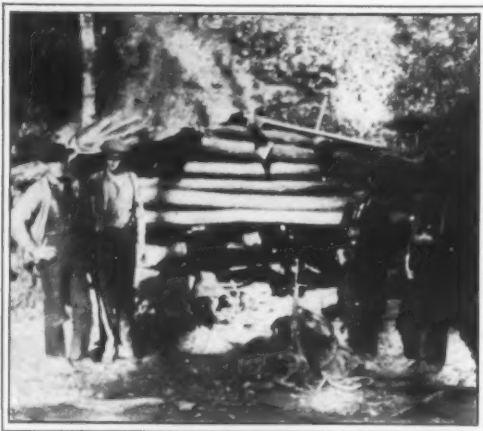
Two years and more have passed since the "ball-bearing raid," yet of all the deputies' manifold experiences certain points of singularity seem to fix this raid in their memories more vividly than any other. The officers had captured a wily old offender, and he lay in jail and his confiscated whisky was in Uncle Sam's cellars. Yet they were not altogether elated. The captured still could not have furnished a tithe of the contraband spirits they had evidence had been sold in the county. There was a barroom in which whisky was retailed at an astonishingly low price, but a search could discover none that was not tax-paid, nor could they find any evidence to support their conviction that a large amount of "baldhead" (barrels without the stamp) was being shipped. One of the deputies, the Beau Brummell of the force, lingered in the peaceful village, where the fattest hogs he had ever seen strolled about casually by day, and every night at ten the curfew rang.

The "Ball-Bearing Raid"

IT WAS impossible to gain the slightest information, until one day he was surprised to receive a message from the prisoner, advising him to come to the jail, and charging him with strictest secrecy.

After exacting a promise that his information would be brought forward in his favor when his own case came to trial, the man sullenly gave details.

The still was located in a ravine near a saw-mill, the saw-mill being used as a blind to cover the noise of oper-



A still in flames, and the operator arrested

ating, and to account for the number of hands employed. No whisky was moved save at night, on Tuesdays and Fridays. A pair of fine Kentucky mules, rubber-shod, were hitched to the wagon, which had rubber tires, ball-bearing axles, chains covered with rubber, points of whiffle-trees rubber-tipped. So soundlessly it moved along the sawdust road that ten feet away you could not hear. A little in front of it, at intervals, walked armed men as scouts; behind it were two others. The barrels of whisky were covered with planks, so that to a chance observer it would look like a load of lumber. But there was no observer, and this was the main point of strength, for after curfew no man, woman, or child was allowed to appear on the streets. In silence, between one and three o'clock, the load of "baldhead" was moved down the deserted thoroughfare. Those who aided in the distillery by work or outrider duty received their whisky free and enough spent beer to fatten their hogs, as well as good wages.

The prisoner minutely described the way to the still, cautioning the deputies about wired communication which might give warning and defeat their plans. Of course the sawdust road was too well guarded to be a practicable avenue of approach, but the wood to the left was safeguarded only by wires. If a friend approached, he twanged it twice, sharp and quick, while the accidental stumbling against it made a jarring ring which showed that a stranger was in the vicinity. The moonshiner laid particular stress upon this.

A Courageous Feat

THE undertaking was one that required picked men, and the deputy wired for the best in the district. Beau Brummell himself was a natural leader, with muscles like steel, unflinching determination, and a flexible courtesy which could adjust itself to any situation. Once, when the wife of a captured moonshiner was shooting at him as fast as she could reload her gun, he did not fail to lift his hat as he made his exit from her gate—just a little hurriedly. There was the tall deputy, who happily combined courage and good-humor, another who had answered the summons in such a hurry that he was wearing his new Panama, and carrying an umbrella to protect it, and two deputy marshals. Then there was the deputy who had led the North Carolina officers in the border battle just referred to, of whom it was said that on every raid he managed "to get a still and a new joke." But he was not laughing now, as with the rain pouring down in steady sheets, the officers met at the appointed trysting-place, having come by different routes to avoid suspicion. Their horses were hitched to trees in the woods, and then Brummell made clear the plan of their expedition.

The men followed the footpath trail through the first wood, stumbling along in the thick darkness. Then they had to cross half a mile of plowed ground, sinking into the black, sticky soil ankle-deep at every stride. The last strip of wood was separated from the plowed acres by a barbed wire fence. Brummell tore his coat almost in two on it, but made no further comment than a quiet suggestion to the others to be more careful. The deputy with the umbrella stopped short.

"I am dead tired and my feet are like lead, and I don't believe we'll ever find a still a night like this, and I am going back."

"Very well," said Brummell, without turning his head. "Who will turn back with me?" challenged the deputy with the umbrella.

But now the leader wheeled and faced the men, and his voice cut like a lash.

"You will find, sir, that not a man will follow you. Good night."

As the umbrella bobbed in and out of the furrows, the depleted crowd went on their way. As their informer had foretold, they were now obliged to go Indian fashion. Through tangled undergrowth, blackberry brambles, bamboo tangles, they wound their way. Suddenly the tall deputy whispered:

"I struck the wire! Did you hear it ring? I tripped right over it!"

They were afraid to make a light, and feeling for the wire on hands and knees, they could not locate it amid that jungle of vines. So creeping now, their faces torn by thorns, they made their painful progress to the cleared place on the very edge of the ravine.

No sound, no movement, only stillness and night! They made a cautious light with a lantern. The hair was exactly as described; but immediately their trained eyes knew that no still had ever been in that hollow.

In a moment Brummell saw the scheme of revenge. Most safely perpetrated it was, for no court has jurisdiction over a practical joke, and the sympathy is never with the victim.

How cozy, how warm, how homelike, did a bed in jail seem at that moment! They could fancy that their late prisoner, as he lay snug in his cot and pictured them in the plowed field, chuckled most diabolically.

This is as far as the story is given for publication. "What did the deputies say?" Beau Brummell was asked by a persistent questioner.

"I am afraid I have forgotten," he replied blandly.

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

DR. ALBERT SHAW records the progress of the world in the "Review of Reviews." In the current number he adverts to President Taft in these words:

"With all his experience as an executive officer and a statesman, Mr. Taft's greatest qualities are those of judge and umpire."

The conception of Mr. Taft as a great judge is widely and reasonably held. To his judicial mind we should like to put a problem involving intensive consideration of the words "thorough," "honest," and "substantial"—the terms used by Mr. Taft a year ago in promising tariff revision downward. We will consider the evidence of the defendant only. Sereno Elisha Payne, author of the tariff bill, in the speech in which he begged his fellow-Congressman to accept the bill (July 30, page 4914 of the Congressional Record) used this language:

"Gentlemen, talk about equivalent *ad valorem*. The equivalent *ad valorem* for 1907 under the Dingley law was 42.55 per cent. Upon the same articles coming into the United States under this conference report the equivalent *ad valorem* will be 41.58 per cent, a decrease of equivalent *ad valorem* of 1 per cent."

Not quite one per cent—to be exact, ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per cent. Shorn of its technicalities, Mr. Payne's statement is that the tariff has been reduced ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per cent. Accepting this view, for the moment, as correct—for it is denied by responsible men—the judicial question we should like to propound to Mr. Taft as a great umpire is this: Does ninety-seven one-hundredths of one per cent meet the definitions given in standard dictionaries for the words, "thorough," "honest," and "substantial"? Dr. Shaw says further in his analysis of Mr. Taft's qualities:

"He is conspicuous as an exponent of justice, as a harmonizer, and as a finder of the reasonable middle course where compromise involves no sacrifice of principle."

Senator Bailey's Prophecy

SENATOR BAILEY was asserting that the Republicans in the Senate were revising the tariff upward rather than downward:

"You Republicans think you dare do anything now, because you think the country is afraid of the Democratic Party. I fear the country is afraid of us. If not, they would have turned you out long ago. [Laughter.] But mark my words: You can proceed too far. You can multiply the burdens until the people will rise up in their righteous wrath and drive you from the high places whose powers you have abused. Even if they do not think we are as wise as we ought to be, they will after a while reach the conclusion that it is better to be governed by fools than it is to be governed by rascals." [Laughter.]

Many experienced Republican politicians have predicted that as a result of the Senate's tariff performances, the next Lower House of Congress will be Democratic.

Next, the Income Tax

THE income tax is now up to the States individually. In the following States the Legislatures will hold their next sessions the coming January:

New York	South Carolina	Virginia
Massachusetts	Maryland	Rhode Island
Kentucky	New Jersey	Mississippi

The men who will compose these nine State Legislatures will be elected in November. No citizen of any one of these nine States should cast his ballot at this election without knowing how each candidate for the Legislature stands on the income tax.

In May next year, the Legislature of Louisiana will meet, and in October, the Legislature of Vermont. The great bulk of the States have their next Legislative sessions in January, 1911. That is when the main fight on the income tax will come.

234 Days

ILLINOIS is the only State in the Middle West which has no Insurgent representation in either the Senate or the Lower House of Congress. Is Illinois completely dominated by the corrupt politics of Chicago? Is there in all Illinois none of the political sentiment that animates Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota? Illinois has twenty-five Congressmen; six of them are Democrats. Of the nineteen Republicans not one is an Insurgent. All of these Illinois Congressmen must come before their constituents at the direct primaries the second Tuesday of next April—234 days from the date of this paper.

Will Ohio Remember This?

THE Legislature of Ohio sent a memorial to Congress demanding free lumber. The Republican State Convention in Ohio last year demanded free lumber. The entire Republican delegation at Washington had an opportunity to vote for free lumber—it was

before both the Senate and the Lower House. In the Senate, Mr. Burton voted for free lumber and Mr. Dick did not. In the Lower House, some Ohio Congressmen voted for free lumber and some did not. Will Ohio bear this record in mind when it comes to electing a new Congressional delegation? At present, Ohio has no Insurgent Congressman. Yet the political sentiment of the people of Ohio must be much the same as in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota.

Michigan's Opportunity

THERE are no words too strong to describe how wide apart have been the public sentiment of many communities and the actions of the men who represent those communities in Washington. Michigan is a State whose population is much the same in character as Wisconsin, across the lake. From the newspapers of Michigan and from private expressions of opinion it is clear that the people of that State wanted revision downward and sympathized with the Insurgents in the Senate. Here is one from the Escanaba "Journal":

"The great mass of the people are convinced that there is something radically wrong with the tariff and the manner in which it is being tinkered. Just what it is the people do not know, but they do know that Aldrich and his followers are doing their best to fix it up to suit the great financial and industrial interests of the country . . . without doubt the ten 'insurgent' Senators are nearer acting in harmony with public opinion than do those who are clinging so closely to Aldrich. Every person who admires sturdy, true, and courageous American manhood can not but admit that Dolliver, Cummins, Beveridge, and other insurgents are worthy of respect. They have the courage of their convictions, and that is the kind of men who are needed and who are lamentably too few in Congress."

And yet Michigan's two Senators were at Aldrich's command on every vote where he wanted them. If Michigan public opinion is sturdy enough to express itself in action, they will soon have the opportunity. Senator Burrows's term expires with this session. He must come before the next Michigan Legislature for reelection. Among the other States which will have the same early opportunity as Michigan to pass upon Senators who have voted uniformly with Aldrich are Ohio, Montana, California, and Nevada. Senators Carter and Dixon of Montana both voted with Aldrich uniformly. It is not to be doubted that Montana would scorn the thought of sending Aldrich himself to the Senate.

From the Hardware Store

THERON THOMPSON is president of the Thompson Brothers Company. This firm is located in Muscatine, Iowa, and they sell hardware, stoves, and farm and garden seeds. Mr. Thompson writes:

"I have not been able to find one man (Republican) who is with Aldrich and his crowd. For many years I have followed the practice, when important public questions are before the people, of asking from men who enter my store as to their views on the questions. Having no ax to grind and seeking no office, I have made up my mind there could be no better way to find the real sentiment of a community. The voters (Republican) are overwhelmingly with the Insurgents. When one interviews them, some are vehement in their denunciation of Aldrich and his methods; others have a disgusted look, as much as to say, what else did you expect; others, who have their party more at heart, look blue and discouraged. This is no overdrawn statement. Politicians may try to bolster up their courage by statements to the contrary. They don't feel the people direct. Let no one think the common people are not reading and thinking. They are awake and will keep awake until this question is settled to their liking. Actually we do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them. We try to grasp it, and wonder is it rotten politics or is it graft, or both. In my thirty-five years of business life I have never been more impressed than now with the deep-seated dissatisfaction among the Republicans on this question alone of tariff revision. I believe Cummins would come so near getting all the votes for any position in this State as against any candidate who has stood by Aldrich that it would hardly be worth while to count his opponent's votes. One is astonished at times at the expressions that come from unexpected sources so much so that one is inclined to feel blue over the future of the Republican Party. It must be that Aldrich and his cohorts believe that the people do not read or think."

Theron Thompson.

Next week there will be printed on this page a record which will show just who "has stood by Aldrich." That list of Senators who have voted with Aldrich uniformly will solve the perplexity of Mr. Thompson and many thousand others: "We do not understand out here why things should go as Aldrich desires them."

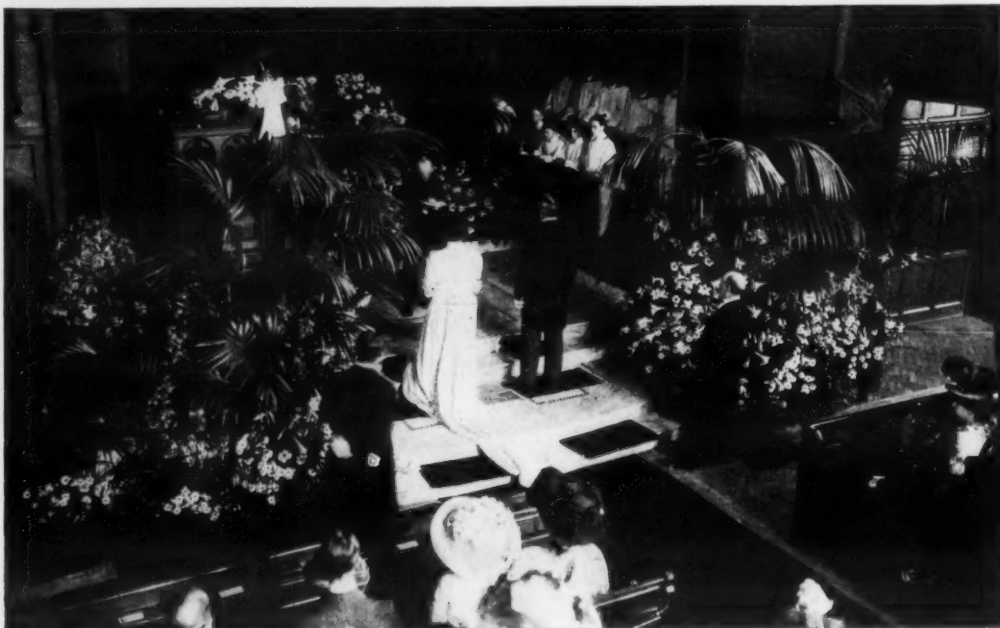
On this page last week it was announced that we would print this week a record of all the votes in the Senate, showing how often each Senator voted with Aldrich, how often he voted against Aldrich, and how often he did not vote at all. It has been impossible to complete the record in time—it involves the verification of 14,764 individual ballots. It will be published on this page next week, August 28

What the World Is Doing:



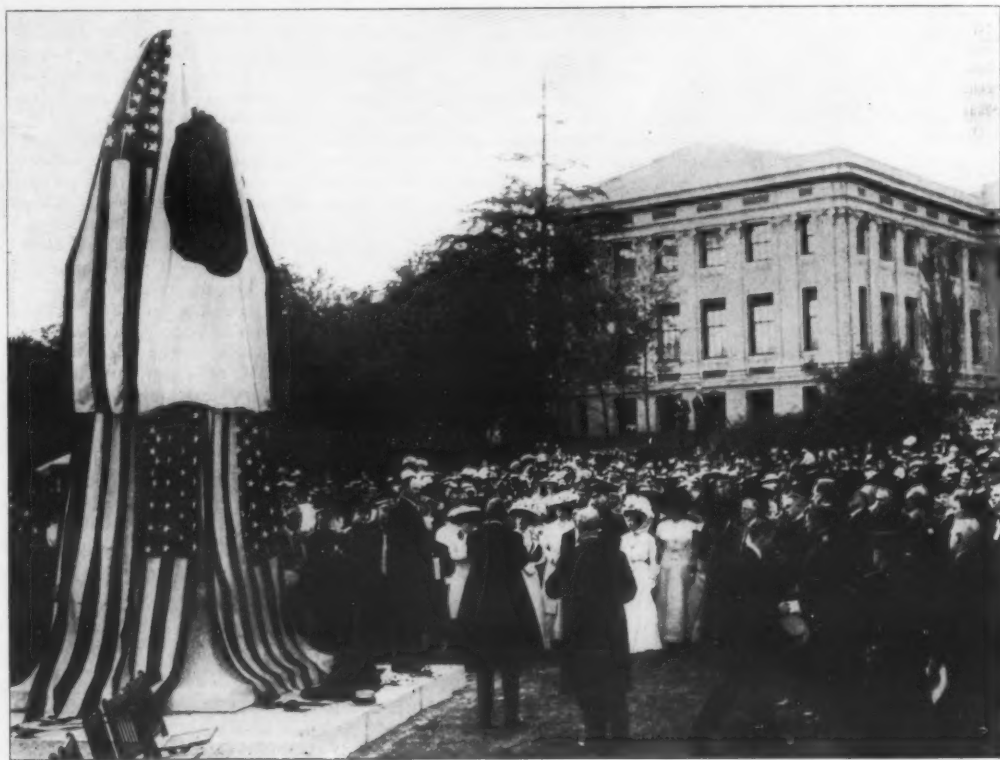
Cornering the Money Market

The line of newsboys and messengers in front of the United States Sub-Treasury in Wall Street, New York, August 4, waiting to obtain new Lincoln pennies. The coins were afterward bartered on the curb



A Diva Becomes a Bride

Madame Lillian Nordica, the famous singer, was married in London to Mr. George Washington Young of New York, on July 29. The ceremony took place in the King's Weigh House Chapel, Grosvenor Square



A Monument to the "Empire Builder"

Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota unveiled the colossal bust of James J. Hill—the largest of its kind ever cast—at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, Seattle, on Minnesota Day, August 3

Seven Days

FINANCIERS are sensitive recorders. Spanish securities dropped only a couple of points while Barcelona rioted. This unworried money market meant that the strong men of the nation did not take the revolution seriously.

More frank than wise, the London newspapers bubble over with pride in the pageant of English battleships. "It is borne in upon even the most careless that this splendid body of men and these tremendous machines do not exist for fun. The purpose of the navy is war."

With that urbanity which is so much more bitter than a blow, the Duke of Westminster, stung by the phrases and taxes of Lloyd-George, says: "While in other circumstances I should be disposed to attach importance to every utterance coming from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the traditions of that great office have become so far submerged under the personal idiosyncrasies of the present occupant that a person attacked from that quarter should find all that is necessary in any defense in the fairness and sense of decency still inherent in the community."

Clearer yet, and clearer, it is seen that the British Budget is a revolution. If it is passed, social history will date from that day when the very rich were taxed in a way that hurt.

Very early in the morning, sailing by the light of the moon, Roger Sommer, over French soil, beat all records for a time flight with an aeroplane. He kept moving over the tops of things for 2 hours 27 minutes 15 seconds. This means that Wilbur Wright will have to take a day off, and lead the world again.

In a tone of apology, sincere but shaky, Mr. Taft explains his name signed to the Tariff bill. He says: "The bill is not a complete compliance with the promises made, strictly interpreted, but—"

Says the New York "Times": "The verdict must be, we think, that for the most part he was beaten."

The President's trip will consume two months and cover 13,000 miles. The Middle West, the Far West, and the South, the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle, the New Orleans Convention of the Deep Waterways Association, are a few of the top notes which he will strike. But the picturesque incident of the trip will come when he meets the virile tyrant of Mexico. It is at El Paso that Diaz and Taft will exchange the rulers' grip.

While Seattle and her sister cities of the Pacific Coast greet the unseen with a cheer, the fisher folk of Gloucester and the inland residents of Old Hadley are indulging in birthday celebrations of their most ancient past. It was Hadley's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

In electing a woman Superintendent of Schools, Chicago has again shown that great cities are the home of radical thought.

The baseball race grows hotter as the summer goes. Greatest of the world's great hitters, Hans Wagner of Pittsburg, has been injured, and his team of "Pirates" begins to slump, while the deadly "Cubs" climb stealthily toward the top.

The American public, swift to rebuke a monkey dinner at Newport, are pleased to throng two summer shows revealing monkeys who can smoke and skate. Consul and Peter are the star performers during New York's hot and silly season.

Many men of diverse mind celebrated the centenary of Alfred Tennyson on August 6. He wrote in enough moods to reach boarding-school girls, and strong men in the dust and heat of the arena, and those men and women who have passed through the waters of incalculable pain. In person he made the perfect figure of a poet—reticent and prophetic, of noble bearing.

The summer wanes and the season of vivid color is at hand. There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield, and the ricks stand gray to the sun.

Mayor Tom

MAYOR TOM L. JOHNSON of Cleveland has been pounded to his knees. A majority of 3,982 votes was rolled up on August 3 against one of his pet schemes. It is his fourth defeat in ten months. The vote this time was on the "Schmidt Traction Franchise." This was to be the start for extension grants to belt three-fourths of the city with three-cent fare lines. From the start Mayor Johnson's program and battle-cry have been the Three-Cent Fare and Universal Transfers.

Graft and faulty service have been the evils of public utilities, and, particularly, of street-car systems. The street-car lines of Cleveland became muddled, and Johnson sprang forward with a cure-all for traction ills. The Municipal Traction Company was to operate all the street-car lines of the city, and this holding company was to be run by trustees for the good and profit of the community. The scheme only increased the tangle of transfers and other troubles.

The "Outlook" says of Johnson and his works: "His record of disastrous failure as a reorganizer of the street railways of Cleveland is such that he ought to be decisively defeated."

The popular impression is that he has been honest and sincere in his plans, that he has lost much of his own money in trying to carry through these plans, and that he has shown poor judgment and deficient executive skill in his efforts.

Another and more subtle thing operated to defeat him. The American people are loth to have democracy handed out to them on a platter. They resent being hustled into righteousness. They want democracy to come in their own way, worked out by the mass all together, and not too swiftly. Dr. Parkhurst,

A Record of Current Events

Rudolph Spreckels, and Tom Johnson are three shining instances of militant and sincere reformers whose desires outran their public. Their idealism has been too naked, too stringent, and too rampant for the community which they tried to stir.

Arkansas Peonage

FOUR weeks ago we published a two-column item called "The Meaning of Peonage." It was the veracious personal history of one Joseph Callas. Since then letters have tumbled in with nearly every mail, some in praise and with additional details of man's inhumanity; but most in protest from troubled citizens of the State of Arkansas. About a dozen of the Arkansas newspapers have forcefully resented the article.

Here, for instance, is the virile comment of the Dardanelle "Post-Dispatch":

"Manifestly false, unfair, and 'yellow.' The case of Callas is founded upon, constructed of, and embellished with the rankest falsehood. If these things are true, then COLLIER'S is to be severely criticized for concealing the name of that particular locality in which they happened and throwing the whole libelous burden upon the State, and for not making an honest fight against them, in which fight the State of Arkansas would join to its utmost power. But if they are untrue—and we challenge authentic proof of their truth—then COLLIER'S, the National Weekly, has adopted the most dastardly method of a journalistic assassin."

Rather pathetically they add: "We recognize that the efforts of a country journal of local circulation, such as the 'Post-Dispatch,' will avail but little in controverting the effect of the article."

There is exactly one reason why we withheld the name of the village and of the labor camp owner who maltreated his white slaves. He is paying damage money for his cruelty, and, under the cool eye of the Federal authorities, he has promised to clean up the camp. If the program breaks at any point, we shall print his name in capitals, with additional sworn testimony of his methods.

As to the truth of the article. The owner of the labor camp is paying \$5,000 to Callas for his illegal detention. John Clifton Elder is the lawyer who has handled the case for Callas. Members of the United States Commission of Immigration have followed the case.

Speed

A RACE-AUTOMOBILE adorned with great pipes like serpents, with explosive breath—a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder—is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace."

In this exalted strain the clever Marinetti of Milan, author and believer in the Future rather than in the moth-eaten Past and the boresome Present, hymns the throbbing motor.

Such things in speed they did at Brighton Beach, New York, on the last day of July as made the Winged Victory a feeble performer. The winning car circled the oval for 1,091 miles in the twenty-four hours. (The record is 1,177 miles, 86 miles better, and made last year.)

Both contests made better going than a thousand miles a day. It is only a hundred years ago that men were stumbling along on a maximum of fifty miles a day. It is to ask whether you change the man when you hurl him from point to point like a hand-guided cannon-ball?

The annual Glidden tour has just run its course and ceased to be. This is the endurance race, when that car wins which shows least wear and tear from all sorts of roads and hazards, after every part has been searchingly examined. Thirty cars started from Detroit on July 12. Twenty-four arrived at Kansas City on the last of July. One of them has emerged with a clean score. It is a queer technical test to which the cars were submitted, with penalties for such damaging items as leather-supporting mud-guards. But you could strap on a loose trunk-rack and not miss a point.

An Upstart Millennium

YOU start a model town. You build nice buildings; throw in trim fences, and modern sanitation for good measure. You omit saloons, dens, and all vice-joints. You have a wonderful new town, which, if you are a great corporation, weary of being pounded by public opinion, you advertise in many magazines by pictorial articles. A model town, a millennium, is upon us, and you rouse the Philistines and unbelievers to witness the modern miracle.

Then, in a back alley, in a rear room, the same old performances start up again as made night hideous but vivid in unregenerate towns. Again the citizen reels, and groups of men whisper each other behind wet mustaches.

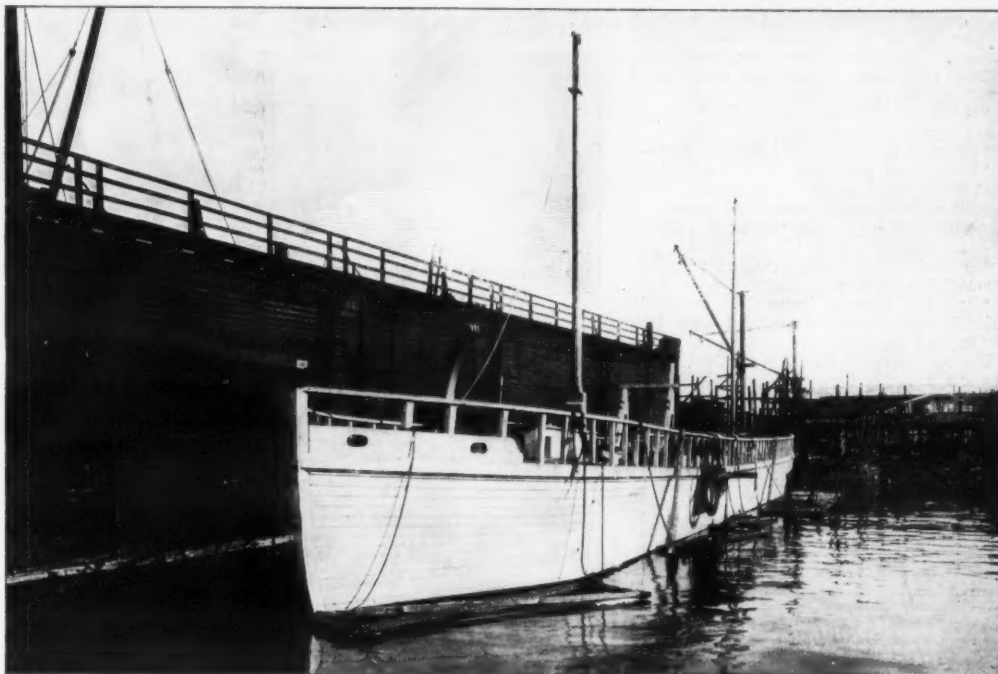
Gary was the model Indiana town built for employees by the United States Steel Corporation. It was to solve the age-long strife of capital and labor. It was to make "dear Mr. Workingman" happy and at peace with the lot in life to which it had pleased God to call him.

Gary was cut in a pattern a bit too icily regular, too uniform, for a community of living beings. And the break came after a few months. More than fifty "blind pigs," where lots of bad liquor could be bought, sprang up in the heart of the immaculate city after it voted itself "dry." Other tough joints kept step with the hilarious progress. Then, with the coming of August, reform set in, and the lid has been clamped down.



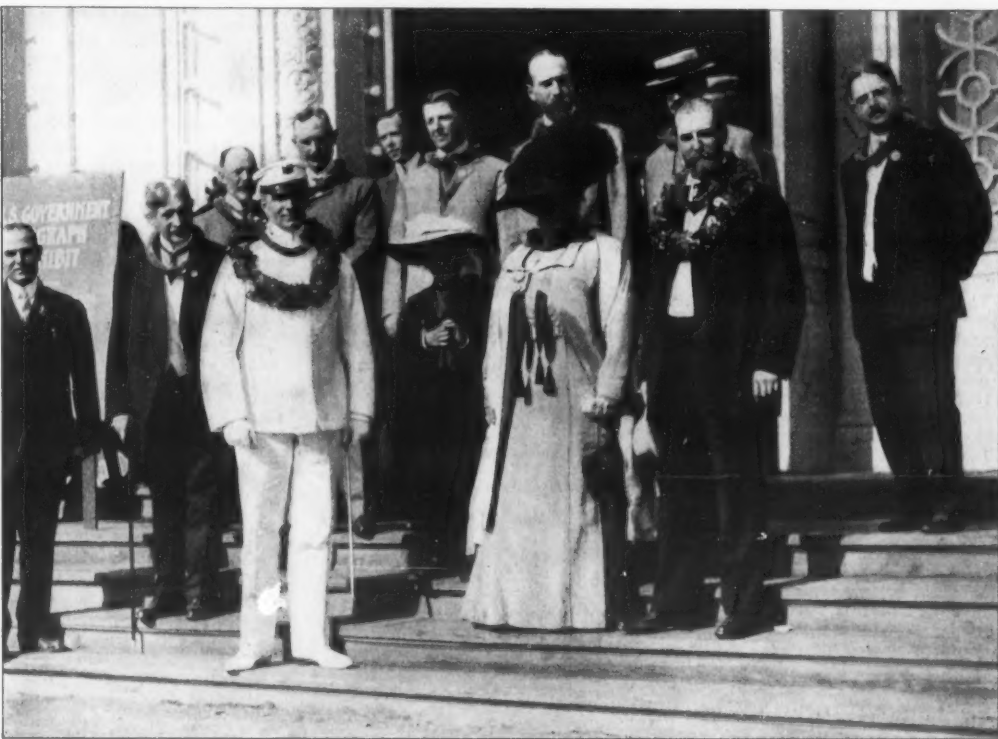
The Homecoming of the Channel-Flier

Louis Bleriot, who flew from France to England on July 25, upon his return to Paris was met by officials of the Government, and with a military escort through the streets was given practically royal honors



Reincarnating a Steamboat

The "Clermont," the replica of Robert Fulton's steamboat, launched on July 10, is rapidly being finished at Port Richmond for the Hudson-Fulton celebration at New York, September 25-October 9



A Flowery Tribute to Governor Hughes

The New York Executive on the steps of the Hawaiian Building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, August 2, where he and his party were hung with garlands, after the custom of the islands

Woman Reporter

(Continued from page 11)

ble—I am ill over the whole affair. If the newspapers would just let me alone—if they only would!"

I could see how wrought up she was—on the verge of tears. So I said some soothing thing to her, and before I knew it she was opening her heart to me. But she did it believing I was there to sympathize with her, not to betray her.

While she wept and talked, I knew positively that she was appealing to me as one woman to another, and that she had no suspicion of my purpose.

In the midst of the conversation her husband suddenly appeared on the scene. He was furious at finding a reporter in the very presence of his wife.

"I know what I would do to you if you were a man!" he cried. "But I've got to treat you courteously, I suppose."

"I told the young lady I could not talk for the press," the wife assured her husband. "I have no statement to make."

"Certainly not!" he raged. "Statements for the press, indeed! This whole affair is preposterous."

I was in a tumult of consternation when I found the outer air at last. Across the street my assistant waited for me. He sprang forward, in hope and fear.

"Did you see her?" he demanded. "You've been gone a long time—did you see her?"

"Oh, I feel so dreadfully over it!" I wailed. "Because she wouldn't have talked so freely if she had supposed I would print it."

"What!" he almost shouted. "Do you mean to say she *did* talk?"

"Oh, yes—she said lots of things. But—"

"Look here, you come with me just as fast as you can come!" he exclaimed. "We'll beat it to a telegraph office and have that story on the wires for the noon edition. Hooray! This is bully!"

He had me by the arm, rushing me through the streets.

"But she doesn't know I'm going to print it—she doesn't know!" I kept protesting all the way.

He was an old-timer, was that newspaper man. He threw back his head and roared with the fun of it. In the telegraph office at last, he thrust paper and pencils before me.

"You little goose!" he said. "Just write exactly what happened and what was said, every word of it. We'll take care of the rest."

To this day I wonder just what that State official said when he saw the headlines in that afternoon's paper. Thus was I initiated.

The Eternal Rush

ONE of the first things that impressed me about newspaper work was the continual rush and strain of it. From morning till night I was forever "on the jump." The one precept that is drilled into the reporter's ears is that news is not news if it is an hour old, and that the main purpose of life is to "make the next edition." Editions, like time and tide, wait for no man.

"Jump over to the Harrison Street Police Station," commands the city editor, "and cover that case of shoplifting. There's a good story in it."

And the girl reporter goes on the run, gets her story, rushes back, and sits down to a typewriter. What then? Does the reader imagine that she has time to collect her thoughts for a neatly written, carefully worded article? That she has privacy in which to "get an inspiration"?

The editor calls out: "Rush copy—just twenty minutes, Miss H—; hurry!" And she bends to her task with every nerve strained to make the next edition. All about her there is commotion—typewriters rattling, telegraph instruments clicking, copy boys running hither and thither, editors giving commands.

But this is not the worst. At each elbow stands a copy boy ready to snatch the story from her page by page or paragraph by paragraph. Her thoughts are practically pulled from her brain before they are written. Men say they love this particular demand of journalistic work. The rush is stimulating, they contend. Maybe it is for the masculine brain. I don't believe many women could stand it very long.

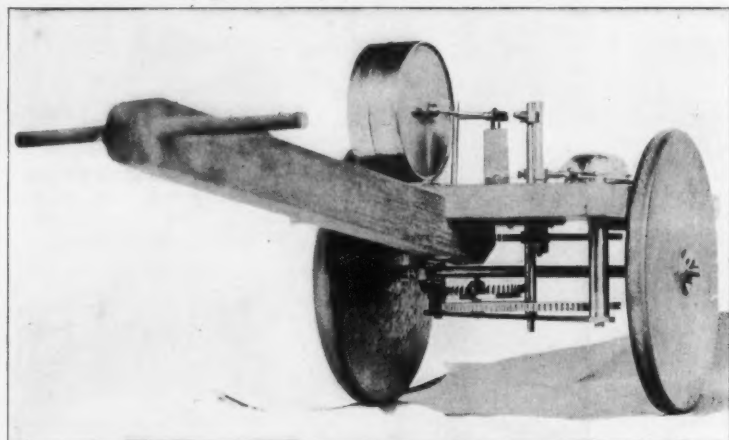
Here is a typical day of newspaper work such as I found it on this Chicago daily:

I rose at six-thirty, dressed, breakfasted, read the papers, and was down at the office by eight o'clock. Usually the editor had some assignment that required me to do an hour's telephoning in a closed and suffocating booth. Perhaps some professor or clergyman had come out with startling statements on the woman question, and



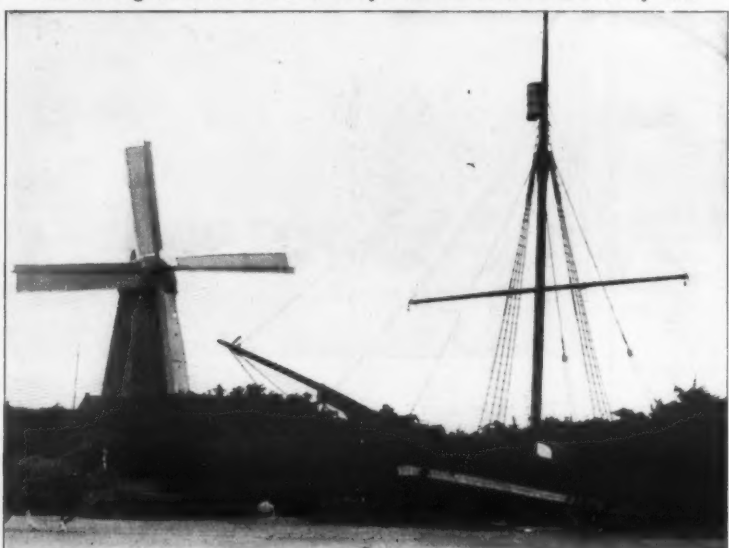
Victims of the Moorish Uprising

Carrying wounded soldiers and citizens to the emergency hospitals at Melilla during the revolt against the Spanish domination. This war was so unpopular in Spain that Barcelona rebelled against it



An Ancient Chinese Taxicab

Professor Giles of Cambridge has discovered in a history of China specifications for a vehicle, dated A. D. 265, which was provided with a mechanical register-drum beaten once by a hammer at the end of every mile



A Ship That Will Be Its Own Monument

The "Gjoa," the vessel in which Captain Roald Amundsen navigated the Northwest Passage and located the magnetic pole in 1905, hauled ashore at San Francisco to stand in a small pool at Golden Gate Park



Fencing Out Forest Fires

The first permanent fire-line in the United States is being cleared at Ray Brook, New York, in the Adirondacks, near the State Sanitarium for Tuberculosis. A ninety-foot roadway is being stripped out through the forest

the paper wanted crisp comments from prominent women.

This task was in itself equal to a day's work. Nobody wants to give an interview over the telephone. When a reporter succeeds in making any mortal do it, he has put forth tons of mental force and nervous energy.

At ten o'clock the courts opened and there was nearly always some trial that had human-interest features. Divorce cases, murder cases, suits for the alienation of somebody's affections—all these afforded plenty of material for good stories. My duty was to interview the women connected with the case and get the "heart throbs."

Physical Comfort Ignored

IF THERE was an afternoon session of the trial, I had my hands full for the rest of the day. But if court adjourned early, I was obliged to return to the office and be on hand for other efforts.

This lengthened my day's duties to an exhausting degree, but I did not complain. It is a rule of journalism that one shall wholly ignore physical discomfort when the good of the paper is at stake. Well do I remember the look my city editor gave me when, in the early stages of my experience, I happened to mention that I had gone without lunch. Breakfasting at seven-thirty, by the way, is calculated to make an active person famished by two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

"I'm very hungry," I asserted.

"Hungry!" he repeated. He said not another word, but simply turned and looked at me. It was enough. Later I observed that he himself rarely had time for lunch, merely snatching a bite of apple or sandwich while still sitting at his desk amid the overwhelming rush.

In addition to my daily news reporting, I prepared every week a Saturday page feature story. This kept me busy during spare hours. One phase of my work, which resulted twice in nervous breakdown, was the extra effort of writing up evening events. Often, after a hard day's labor, I have gone out to theaters, social functions, or public affairs, not getting my story written until midnight. Oh, how terrible it was to force myself up next morning at six-thirty for another day's struggle!

Then there were the really startling stories—the big murders, disasters, and crimes—that required special application and extra effort. There was the car-barn bandit horror, which ended in the hanging of three youths for a diabolical crime. I talked with these boys through the bars of a cell while their heart-broken mothers and sisters wept beside me.

There was the great Iroquois holocaust, which sent a shudder of sorrow over the world. Reporters who worked on this story were ill for weeks afterward. Fortunately I was spared the ghastly part of the work, for my editors were too considerate to expect the impossible of a woman. But my part was sad enough, for I talked with the bereaved, visited morgues and hospitals, and recorded the heart-rending incidents occurring hourly before me.

The pathetic side of life was continually thrust upon me throughout my entire career. One of the hardest things I ever did was to interview a murderer's wife just before her husband was hanged. The woman had come to jail carrying her baby, in the vain hope that the jailer would permit her to see her husband before he left this life forever. Up to this point she had not been able to summon the courage, and now she was frantic at the thought that she had seemed unforgiving.

I felt like a vivisectionist as I drew from her the story of her heart anguish. I put in my plea to help her, but the prison rules could not be broken, and she had to go away, at last, with her prayer denied. Never shall I forget that woman's tears and entreaties.

The assignments from which I invariably shrank were those that required me to interview persons suffering bereavement or disgrace. It is no easy matter to approach a woman whose son has just committed suicide and ask her to tell why he did it. Neither is it pleasant to ask the wife of a criminal how she manages to endure the shame her husband has brought upon the family.

Yet the editor insists that these things shall be done, and there is no choice but to close one's eyes, harden one's heart, and ruthlessly force a way into the presence of the most sacred suffering.

THE next instalment gives the writer's New York experiences; tells of daring acts required of her to satisfy the sensational demands of yellow journalism.

She narrates incidents of Newport struggles when she tried to get information about the Vanderbilt-Szechenyi engagement and wedding.

The 1910 Elmore

Model 36

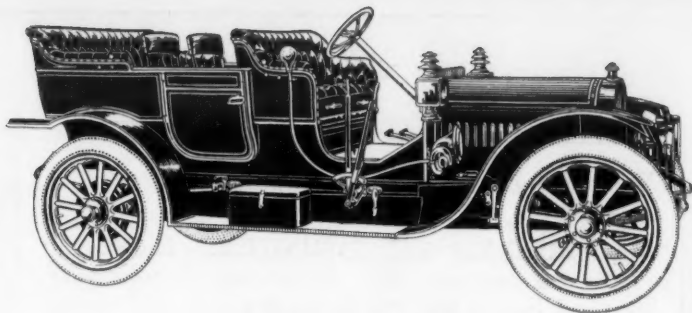
Supplied as

Five passenger, four cylinder
Touring Car

Four passenger, four cylinder
detachable Demi-Tonneau

Four cylinder Doctor's Coupe

Four cylinder Landaulet



MODEL 46—\$2500

The 1910 Elmore

Model 46

Supplied as

Seven passenger, four cylinder
Touring Car

Seven passenger, four cylinder
Limousine

The two new Elmore models cost less to operate than any other cars in the world

We will justify, in every car delivered this season, the strong statement contained in the caption:—

That the two new valveless two cycle Elmore models cost less to operate than any other cars in the world.

In addition to this we believe that, from the standpoint of service and economy, the 1910 Elmore valveless two cycle engines are without a peer at any price.

The power-plant of the Model 46, by the incorporation of new features (covered by basic patents), realizes that final development of the valveless two cycle engine, which expert authorities have always predicted would constitute the most perfect engine in existence.

We verily believe this Model 46 engine with its revolutionary improvements to be the most efficient power-plant in the world; and, firm in that conviction, we contemplate with complacency competitive comparison with the finest four cycle cars built during the current season.

We do not exclude any single car—no matter what its price, horse

power or the number of its cylinders—from this comparison; and we are serenely confident of the outcome.

No car, no matter how high its reputation, or how costly its construction, deserves to be called a good car if it assesses the owner a heavy tax for upkeep every month.

And if goodness consists in economy and efficiency, the Model 46 Elmore with its radical improvements will prove itself the best car in the world because it costs less to operate than any other car in the world.

The explanation of its economy is likewise the explanation of its efficiency. Its operative qualities are infinitely better because of the valveless two cycle engine—because the application of power is incessant and unhampered by valve uncertainty.

And it costs only a pittance for maintenance (\$1.00 per month, perhaps, for every \$5.00 the four cycle car costs you) for precisely the same reason—because there is no waste power; and not a single valve, cam, lift, spring or roller to make trouble and cause a money outlay.

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 6 to 8% grade at 35 to 40 miles an hour

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 9 to 10% grade at 25 to 30 miles an hour

Any 1910 Elmore will take a 15 to 16% grade at 23 to 26 miles an hour

The ability of the seven passenger 46 H. P. Model 46 to travel 60 miles an hour is not the true measure of its merit.

Nor does the capacity of the five passenger 36 H. P. Model for 50 miles an hour give an adequate gauge of its extraordinary value.

Almost any car can furnish you speed on the straightaway. It's the car that eats up the hills without slowing down—that shows its true mettle on the upgrade—that gives you your money's worth.

And no hill-climbing stunt—with a car stripped and tuned for the occasion—should be accepted as assurance of reliability.

That's why we say "any 1910 Elmore will take a 6 to 8% grade at 35 to 40 miles an hour."

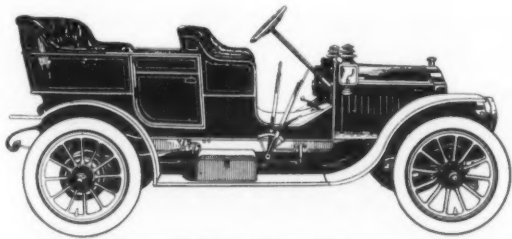
We do not, understand, cite this as an extraordinary performance. Racing cars and cars especially built for the occasion undoubtedly could make better speed, but there is no value in such performances; in fact, it has been demonstrated that they are detrimental to the majority of cars.

We say the Elmore is the only car built that can stand the strain to which such performances subject an automobile. The real test that proves a car's value is not what it can do once, or for a week; but what it can do after, say, a year's use.

The Elmore stands unapproached in this:—That it will maintain its power, and speed, and hill-climbing ability throughout the year; and even grow better and better.

It is this stability that counts—stability which no other car possesses—and not the record of a few performances.

Combine that capacity with the guarantee of a lower cost of maintenance than any other car in the world.



MODEL 36—\$1750

Add to that the simplicity of just three moving parts on the engine—and then ask yourself if there's a four cylinder car on the market that compares in value-for-the-money with the Model 36 36 H.P. Elmore at \$1750.00.

Four cylinders; 36 horse power; ample capacity for five passengers; a speed of 50 miles an hour; no valves; only three moving parts on the engine; power on the upgrade as described above; the continuous impulse of the two cycle engine and the superb smoothness known to no other type; luxurious appointments—doesn't this ideal car at \$1750.00 shrivel into absurdity, by comparison, the average four cycle car of approximate price with its costly clutter of complicating parts and its stuttering application of power?

An intensely interesting study—these two Elmore power-plants. The repetition of the same magnificent sales success year after year has been justified. The cars are marvels. And the 1910 models go far

beyond the previous cars.

If you are not advised concerning them, by all means send for the 1910 literature. If you are an Elmore enthusiast, send for it anyway and see how magnificently your favorite car has progressed.

THE
ELMORE
MFG. CO.
204 Amanda St.
Clyde, Ohio
Gentlemen:—Send me the advance literature describing the 36 H. P. 5 passenger Elmore valveless two cycle car at \$1750; and the 46 H. P. 7 passenger Elmore at \$2500.

Name

Address

Town.....State.....

The Elmore Manufacturing Company 204 Amanda Street Clyde, Ohio

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

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BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN. AND escape salaried drudgery for life. We teach the Collection Business; a limitless field with little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" today. American Collection Service, 31 State St., Detroit, Mich.

A BIGGER DAY'S EARNINGS NOW. START in card printing business with wonderful automatic card press. Only \$65 cash required. Big Profits Daily. Superior Brass & Fixture Co., 160 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME—NOVEL PLAN. Builders, Carpenters, Masons, Plumbers, Painters, etc., interested, write. No capital required. Won't interfere with present occupation. United Bldg. Material Co., Cincinnati, O.

BUSINESS CHANCES ON A CAPITAL OF \$150.00. With some brains and hustle. Large profit can easily be made, only occupying part of your time. With small capital an unusual opportunity is offered to build up an independent business handling The Thurman Portable Electric Vacuum Cleaner. Write today for particulars. We also manufacture Superior Wagon House to House Cleaners. Gen'l. Compressed Air and Vacuum Mach'y Co., 519 C.W., North Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THIS MAN MAKES MONEY EASILY. S.W. Boyson, Thornton Park, Winthrop, Mass., has 100 Kirk Peanut Vending Machines netting \$65.00 weekly. Started with free sample machine offered. Particulars, write Kirk Mfg. Co., 1231 Old So. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

OUR PENNY STORE AND AUTOMATIC Cafeteria Vending Machines are the most novel and biggest money makers on market. 8 different kinds of confections vend from machine. It's therefore more profitable than any other vending machine. Small capital required. H.S. Vandervoort, Manufacturer, 198 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

SLOT MACHINE OPERATORS. YOUR LINE is not complete without Champion Gum machines. Used outdoors and indoors. Send for Special Offers. Boston Coin Machines Co., Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

WANTED—MEN WHO WANT TO BE SALESMEN to take our correspondence course in salesmanship. The Sheldon School has increased the earning power of 40,000 men from 10% to 100% and more. Stenographers, clerks, bookkeepers, correspondents, salesmen and managers can all earn more by knowing and applying the Sheldon Selling Method. More than 1500 firms have paid the tuition of their men for the course. Write today and learn how we can help you to a better position and bigger earnings. An interesting and valuable book on business will be sent free. The Sheldon School, 1748 Republic Building, Chicago.

SALESMEN: BEST ACCIDENT HEALTH policy. Old line, \$1000 death; \$5 weekly; \$100 emergency. Costs \$2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal commission. German Registry Co., 265 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS AND SALESMEN TO handle fast moving specialty, selling direct to consumer. Field unlimited. Article sells at sight. Can work alone or with crew. Big money and chance to establish a permanent and independent business. You buy direct from manufacturer and patentee. Write for particulars. Sanitex Company, 2333 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

LIVE SALESMEN MAKE 20% TO 40% SELLING new gold-border local view post cards. Great side line graft for regular post card salesmen; quick delivery. Pocket samples. Specialty Post Card Co., 25 River St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN CALLING ON COUNTRY STORES to handle as line high grade, quick selling article, 25% commission. Commission paid on repeat orders sent us direct. Goodson Mfg. Co., 1 Point St., Providence, R. I.

PATENTS

PATENTS AND TRADE-MARKS PROCURED. Our Hand-Book for Inventors and Manufacturers mailed on request. Patent and Trade-Mark Causes. Beeler & Robb, Patent Lawyers, 74-76 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED. INVENTOR'S POCKET Companion free. Send description for free opinion as to patentability. N. Roach, Jr., Metzerott Building, Washington, D. C.

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SOUTHERN STAMPING AND MFG. CO. Manufacturers of special and patented articles. R. C., Nashville, Tenn.

TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES

FRANKLIN TYPEWRITERS AND NO. 2 REMINGTON typewriters rented three dollars for three months. Shipped anywhere on guarantee of your Bank that you are all right. Cutter Tower Co., 184 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS. TO INTRODUCE my new brand of 75c ribbons, one-half dozen, prepaid, for \$2.50. Sample for 63c. Write on your business letter-head and credit is good. Satisfaction guaranteed. Agents Wtd. O. C. Ludwig, Jr., Kahn Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GET BETTER NEGATIVES. BY MY PROCESS of developing I will develop one 6 exposure film, any size, free. Booklet "Film Faults," price list and sample Vex print free. Send 2c postage. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

EXPERT PHOTO-FINISHING PROMPTLY by mail. Satisfactory work guaranteed. Courteous service. Film and prints returned postpaid. Enlarging a specialty. Fresh film mailed promptly, postpaid, upon receipt of catalogue prices. Write for sample print and prices. Robt. C. Johnston, 12 No. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"SPECIAL OFFER." BIGGEST BARGAIN opportunity ever heard of. Increase the value of your Camera or Kodak 100% with the help of a Kodak Shutter Speed 1 sec. to 1-300 sec. We take back your old shutter. Write today. Herbert & Huesgen, 309 Madison Ave., N.Y.

INVESTMENTS

FREE SAMPLE COPY OF BONDS AND Mortgages Magazine telling all about Real Estate Mortgages, net 5% to 7%. \$500 up. Absolutely safe, steadily increasing in value, not affected by trusts, panics. Better than savings banks. Investigate. Monadnock Building, Chicago.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

Business Opportunities

THESE condensed advertisements contain many **BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.** Look each one over carefully. Surely there is something that will interest you. Write those a letter and secure complete information.

The usual Collier guarantee as to reliability applies.

AGENTS WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS WANTED in every town to sell the wonderful riplex Handbag for women. By mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse, music portfolio, small satchel or shopping bag. Four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one. You enlarge bag to meet your needs as you go along. Write for other new pat'd articles. S. A. Diamond & Bro., 35 W. 21st St., N. Y.

WONDERFUL INVENTION: AGENTS COIN money selling Cancheater Incandescent Kerosene Lamp—burns with or without mantle—10 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, at 1/3 cost. Burner fits all standard lamps. Saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks. Outfit furnished to workers. Cancheater Light Co., 28 State, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

MANAGERS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. We want Managers for each county; must have some money; Al opportunity for right person. Downs Mfg. Co., 307 Hyde Bk., Spokane, Wash.

NEW INVENTIONS FROM GERMANY. Wonderful newly patented specialties. No dead ones. Also Krops Improved Positive Tension Shears. Solid Steel Combination Kitchen Sets. Every article absolutely guaranteed. Enormous profits. We are mfrs. Free samples and Catalogs. Edgren Mfg. Co., Dept. 3, Milwaukee, Wis.

AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c. stereoscopes 25c, views 1c, portrait pillow tops 50c, English Art Plates \$1.00, 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR ALCATRAZ FIRE extinguisher. 500% profit. Ten other specialties. Easy and big money. Write for proposition and territory. Dept. C, The Alcatraz Co., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS WANTED TO HANDLE THE MOST satisfactory water filter; modern design; one minute contrivance; big profits; reserved territory; sample Fibre Disk free. Jones Mfg. Co., 243A Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WILL WRITE TEN articles about his African trip for Scribner's Magazine. Great chance for agents—liberal cash commissions and additional prizes. For particulars, write at once. Address Desk 8, Scribner's Magazine, 155 5th Avenue, New York City.

100% AGENTS EVERYWHERE TO SELL OUR Ladies' folding hand-bags, 3 in 1 genuine leather. Hustlers write for territory. N. E. Sales Co., Sole Agents, 55 State St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED: AN AGENT, EITHER SEX, in each town to take orders for our line of Clous-Wash Fabrics, Linens, Poplins, Silks, Woollens, etc., to be sold by the yard. Complete line of handkerchiefs, Embroidered Robing, Waist Patterns, Corset Covers, Valenciennes and Torchon Laces; Braids and Cloth-Covered Buttons, ready-to-wear Petticoats, Kimonos, Scarfs and Veils. Liberal commission, a strong line and all-year seller; a permanent business. Write us, and please give us in first letter, two responsible references. Direct Cloth Co., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS TO SELL OUR LINE OF LADIES' Muslim Undergarments and Silk Petticoats. Direct from our large mfg. plant. No capital required. Write for particulars. Empire Ladies' Wear Co., 16 E. 23rd St., N.Y.C.

AGENTS WANTED—TO HANDLE REMARKABLE money-getter. Easy to sell. Repeat orders at almost every house. Write quickly. Littlefield Specialty Co., 879 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

YOUR OLD SAFETY RAZOR BLADES resharpened, 30c a dozen; double-edge blades especially 47,000 pleased customers. Send address for convenient mailing package. Keenedge Co., 239 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago.

'DRYSMOKANCHU' CHEWING CIGAR—ONE gives whole long day of pure tobacco delight; swear-off's comfort. 25c postpaid, for \$2 and dealer's name. Booklet free. Drysmokanchu Cigar Co., Dept. 1, Omaha, Neb.

LADIES WANTED TO SELL DRESS GOODS, silk and wailings. No capital required. Large elaborate sample outfit furnished. Ideal Dress Goods Company, Dept. C.W., 335 Broadway, New York.

WE WANT RELIABLE MEN AND WOMEN to sell Best Household specialty on the market; big money maker; sells on sight; every order brings another. Write. Augusta Specialty Co., Dept. E, 135 Quincey St., Bklyn, N.Y.

SUCCESSFUL GASOLINE LIGHT SALESMEN to handle the only instantaneous lighting system known to science; no alcohol, step ladders, torches, matches or time wasted; pull the chain and they light instantly; for home and commercial lighting. Write for territory. Small capital required. Gloria Light Co., 399 Washington-Bldg., Chicago.

A BIG MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITY FOR agents. The Wm. S. Devery (New York's Famous ex-Police Chief) Burglar Alarm scores off burglars; simple, sure, durable; allows ventilation; small cost; send for price, territory. Nat'l Burglar Alarm Co., Inc., 402 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY and county to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 45 West 34th St., New York.

DON'T FOOL AWAY YOUR TIME ON DEAD ones. Wake up! Davis agents doing better than ever. Our special advertising propositions appeal to the pocket-book. Valuable premiums with each 50c sale. 100% profit. No middleman's profit. Get our illustrated catalog and profit-sharing plan. Davis Soap Co., 22 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—TO sell Men's Clothing on credit, by largest credit clothing house in the world. No capital required. Write for plan. Menter & Rosenbloom Co., 604 Cox Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.

WANTED. AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS for Made-to-Measure Underwear. Those taking orders for Custom Shirts and Clothes preferred. Big opportunity. Textile Mfg. Co., 48 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS MEN AGENTS FOR STATES and Counties wanted. Most satisfactory and successful Self-Heating Flatiron. Iron needs no pipes nor wires—sells easily. 25,000 in satisfactory use—dozens of agents making big successes. Imperial Brass, 235 Jefferson, Chicago.

YOU CAN MAKE EXCELLENT PAY AS OUR gen. or local agent. Household necessity saves 95%. Good territory open. Permanent bus. in your home town. Write. J. M. Pitkin & Co., 3 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

AGENTS, 135% PROFIT SELLING OUR HANDY Tool, 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Thomas Manufacturing Company, 417 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES BY SELLING Vanco Hand Soap in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can and particulars 10c. The J. T. Robertson Co., Box C, Manchester, Conn.

AGENTS TO SELL EUREKA STEEL RANGES from wagons, for cash, notes or time payments. Wonderful money maker for live men. Send for 31 page catalogue. Eureka Steel Range Co., 316 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY-MAKING PROPOSITION, MEN or women. Ready-made waists; latest, most exclusive; Silk, Satin, Net, Linen, Swiss, etc., direct from factory. Agents enthusiastic. Society Queen Co., Dept. M, St. Louis, Mo.

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1909 LIGHT MODEL "A" MOTORCYCLE, 2 1/2, 2 3/4 Thor Motor. Latest design loop frame with double top bar, Spring Forks, double grip control. Finish and workmanship of the highest. The greatest value ever offered. Special introductory price wherever we are not represented. Write for Catalog. Merkel-Light Motor Co., Pottstown, Pa.

REAL ESTATE

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ORANGE LAND \$3 PER ACRE MONTHLY. In Southern California's sunniest climate. Your first opportunity to purchase a small piece of choice frostless fruitland in beautiful El Cajon Valley on long-time terms. Near schools. A good living in five acres. Special introductory prices. Write today for illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

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SEND A POSTAL FOR BOOK AND MAP OF Isle of Pines; you will not be sorry; I can prove it. The Best Place for Profit. Investigate it anyway. W. D. Middleton, 413 Ft. Dearborn Bldg., Chicago.

MAINE

MAINE COAST REAL ESTATE. CLIFFORD Pemberton, Jr., Salem, Massachusetts.

TEXAS

WE WANT ONE HUNDRED AAA-1 LOT Salesmen. Best proposition in State for the money. This property sells anywhere. Write us. Mutual Realty Co., Ltd., Weatherford, Texas.

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FOR SALE, FARM OF 375 ACRES 2 1/2 MILES from Appomattox. Appomattox Co., Va.; fine agricultural land, near scene of Gen. Lee's surrender in 1865. C. Wiley Ely, Brooklyn, Indiana.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

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LADIES—RE SELF-SUPPORTING. LEARN hair-dressing, manicuring, facial massage, chiropody or electrolysis. Great demand for operators. Splendid pay after few weeks with us. Write. Moler System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans or Atlanta.

BEST QUILTS FOR YOUR BEDS. BUY AL- lendale Counterpane, the staple for over 50 years. Fine in quality, beautiful in appearance. Recommended by physicians; sanitary, durable; laundered easily as sheets. Write Dimity Quilt Co., Providence, R.I. for description E.

AGENTS WANTED FOR SECURITY PRODU- cts—High Grade made-to-order Dress skirts, Petticoats, Specialties. Our agents earn liberal commission and get quick returns. Good territory still open. Security Company, Dept. 1, Weedsport, N. Y.

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GOVERNMENT POSITIONS—EXAMINA- tions held soon in every State. Circular 33-40, giving full particulars as to salaries, positions, dates of examinations, sample questions, previously used, etc., sent free by National Correspondence Institute, Washington, D. C.

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COLLECTIONS

"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST in everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from honest debts all over the world. Write for my Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

AVOID BAD DEBTS. COLLECT YOUR OLD accounts yourself. Write for free sample sheets of notices and letters that will collect most any slow account. Sayers Mercantile Agency Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

HOTELS and TRAVEL

ARE YOU COMING TO NEW YORK? DO you wish to know the hotel that will best suit you? Write us the rate you wish to pay—what kind of a room you want and what part of the city you wish to be near—and we will send you a selection that will add joy in locating comfortably. Summer Resort Information—we also furnish free information about summer resorts, location, rates and best routes. See the Summer Resort adv. on Table of Contents page. Collier's Travel Dept., 423 W. 13th Street, New York City.

ART OBJECTS

WOULD YOU LIKE A COPY OF THE NEW 1909 catalogue of the Collier Art Prints, containing 160 or more reproductions, in half-tone and line engraving, of the works of Charles Dana Gibson, Jessie Willcox Smith, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, Maxfield Parrish, and many other leading American artists? In addition you will find a picture and sketch of each of the leading artists. Address Proof Dept., P. F. Collier & Son, 416 W. 13th St., New York. We cannot afford to send it free, but if you will send us 15 cents in stamps to cover charges we will mail you a copy postpaid.

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IVERS & POND PIANOS. OUR UNIQUE SELL- ing plan enables you to buy a piano of the very highest quality at a fair price on Easy Payments. Our catalogue for the asking, and if no dealer sells them near you, a personal letter stating lowest prices and explaining how easy it is to buy of us. We ship on approval and pay railway freights both ways if unsatisfactory. Write today for catalogue and full information. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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CLEVELAND-CANTON SPRINGS STAND UP under the heaviest load. It's the method of making. Made for pleasure and business from two grades of steel. Best quality—Chrome-Vanadium. Next best—Special Analysis. The Cleveland-Canton Spring Co., Canton, O.

\$22.50, AUTOMATIC FOLDING WIND shield, polished brass, plate glass; fit any car; best offer ever made; we guarantee it. Write for circular. Geo. Werner & Sons, 1133 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

ADVERTISING

THESE ADS MAKE MONEY FOR ADVERTIS- ers. Have you a proposition that you would like to present to over 2,500,000 readers of Collier's? If you have, send us your printed matter or a description of your goods. We will have our Service Department prepare an advertisement and outline a selling plan free of charge and submit for your approval. The cost for advertising in these columns is \$2.50 per line. Collier's Classified Department, 425 West 13th Street, New York City.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



The World's Workshop

News and Comment About
Business and Industry



A Real Guarantee

A NEW YORK tailor has been advertising that he has been in business in that city for twenty-five years and expects his business to go on for twenty-five more. Just that. It is effective as an appeal to the public for patronage.

The following story comes from London: A man on his way home from the office saw an old Sheffield teapot in a shop window. He liked it and told the proprietor to send it to his house in exchange for another teapot he had bought, but didn't like. The shopkeeper was to make such allowance for the rejected teapot as was proper, and send the new one up with a bill for the difference. The convenient American friend who witnessed the incident asked after they had left the shop:

"Don't you think you're taking a large risk doing business that way?" The answer was an explanation—complete and satisfactory for London:

"Well, you see, this is one of these old London shops. They have been on that spot for 150 years; they expect to be on that spot 150 more; and they expect to see me again. The extra profit they'd get by cheating me on this particular transaction would fall far short of the value of their reputation in my estimation and that of my friends."

A Way to Market Cream

THE president of the New York Central Railroad, who is a farmer in his spare moments, has lately discovered that the automobile is getting popular with the real farmers. He was in Iowa—Clarinda, Iowa, to be exact—when he was told that in the Fourth of July parade a feature was to be a hundred farmers driving their own machines. This astonished Mr. Brown, and he began to ask questions. A farmer with two big cans of cream in the tonneau of his automobile explained that he used the car as a matter of economy.

"My place is thirteen miles out," he said. "I have to go to town every other day with cream and to do my trading. Before I bought an automobile it took a day for myself and a team of horses to make the trip. Now I am in town in forty-five minutes from the time I leave. I can get back in time to do a day's work and have a fresh team."

"Before the farmers began to use automobiles, there were bad places in the road between my place and town. In rainy weather a loaded wagon couldn't be hauled through them with a single team—it had to be dragged out by doubling up. Now, with automobiles in use, these bad places are fixed up as soon as they develop—even if they have to put plank bridges across. So heavy hauling has been made easier."

According to a fairly recent census, Clarinda, Iowa, is a town of 3,024 population. There are in use in the United States about 250,000 automobiles. Obviously, Clarinda has more than her share. Also, it seems obvious that other farming communities will discover their economic value.

Facts About One Good Man

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY was once investigating working conditions in a glass factory town in New Jersey. She went about all one night and found the factories running full blast. Little children were at work busily carrying bottles back and forth. One factory was dark, and she supposed it was shut down. To make sure, she went back to it next morning. It was running full blast. The proprietor showed her through the plant. There were no children under age working there. General conditions were good. She asked before leaving:

"You do not run your plant at night?"
"No," he said.
"Do you let your fires go out?"
"Yes."

"That costs you money, doesn't it?"
"Yes."
"The other bottle-makers say that they can't afford to close at night, and that competition compels them to use little children in their work."
"Yes, but I don't try to make as much money as my friends. I do not like to work at night, nor do my employees. I do not care to rob the schools to get my help. My business is profitable enough, and I am satisfied."

College Graduates and the Shop

HOW to get from college classroom to workshop is a seasonable problem. To-day it is not the hit or miss process that it was three college generations ago. Principally the change is due to the initiative of the big businesses into which college graduates usually go. An illustration is the Western Electric Company's method of securing college-trained apprentices.

Before the close of the college term arrangement is made with the dean of each of the important colleges for a convenient date on which a representative of the company may call and show the students what it has to offer. At the time of his visit it is the usual plan for the representative to address the students in a body and afterward discuss his proposition with each of them who may be interested. This enables him to "size up" each man and select those who appear to be promising.

Upon taking employment with the company, the student may choose between three courses of training: Telephony, power and lighting, and manufacturing. In the case of the telephone course, the student is first placed in some of the shop departments for a certain length of time, during which period he is under observation to determine if he is a suitable candidate for a three-year-contract course. If he is offered this course and accepts it he is then given an opportunity to work in all the important departments of the business. The courses in power and lighting, as well as in the manufacturing branches, do not provide for a preliminary short course.

During the student's progress through the factory, he is in the care of an officer, who sees him at frequent intervals and advises him in matters pertaining to his training. Some of the students show that they have inventive qualities; some exhibit faculties for salesmanship; some of them indicate that they will be good executives and others lean toward routine duties. At the completion of his course, each student is offered a position in a department of the business where the particular qualities which he has exhibited will be of the most value to him and to the company. This does not mean that he will remain indefinitely in the department in which he is placed, but he has before him the opportunity to progress to a position of large responsibility.

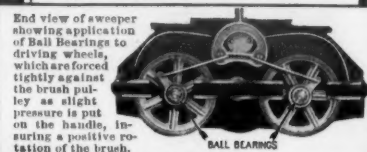
The Small and Shaky Corporation

HERE are some pointers to business men from a man who knows—Judge Hough of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York: "Small business or trading corporations . . . are seldom carefully created, the law is rarely observed, and their bankruptcy or insolvency is usually more disastrous in money to creditors and in reputation to incorporators than are the failures of most merchants or traders privately dealing in the same line of business. Bearing this in mind would, I think, save business men much trouble and not a little loss. Trust these small companies, hastily organized under general laws, very little; watch them closely; limit their credit, and, when they seem to be getting into trouble, pursue them with the rigor of the law. The creditor's best chance of being paid is either an early attachment or a successful effort to hold some solvent officer for violation of the corporation statutes."

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BISSELL'S NEW "Cyclo" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper

—Our very latest product, the most highly perfected carpet sweeper ever made. Runs so easily a mere touch propels it; sweeps thoroughly, makes no noise, raises no dust, and reduces the labor to a minimum. This sweeper contains a brush propelling power not possible in any other construction, insuring the continuous rotation of the brush on all grades of carpets and rugs. The



Bissell is the ever-ready, efficient cleaning device for the masses and easily within the purchasing power of every household. For sale by all the best trade. Prices, \$2.75 to \$6.50. Booklet free upon request. Buy a Bissell Sweeper from your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week from date of purchase, and we will send you FREE a fine quality leather card case with no printing on it.
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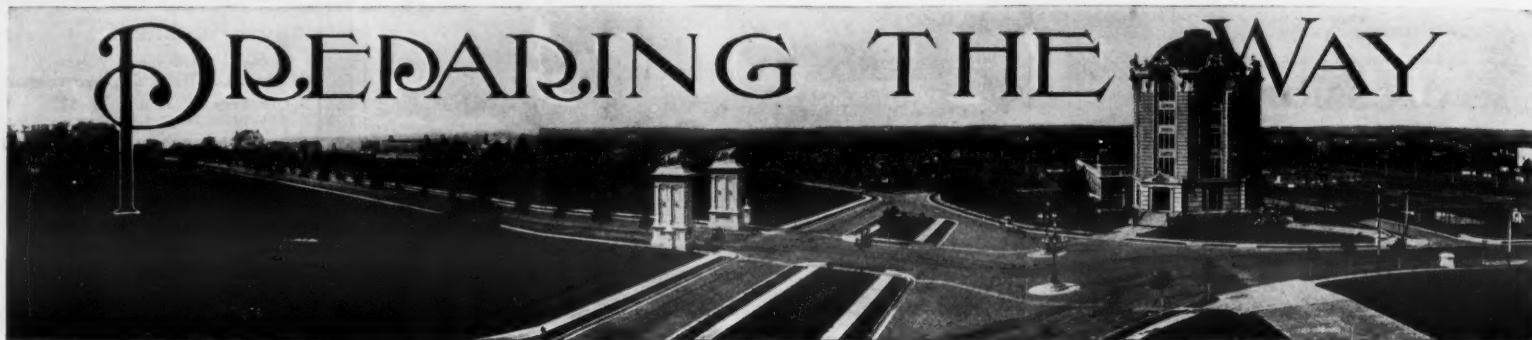
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Second Article on The American Woman's League: Its Plan and Purpose

By E. G. LEWIS

President of The Lewis Publishing Company and Mayor of University City

IN the issue of Collier's Weekly for July 24th was given quite full particulars of the remarkable organization of women, founded and operated on a purely business basis, which has already spread throughout the nation with over seven hundred branch organizations and a membership of tens of thousands—The American Woman's League.

The signs of the times plainly indicate that the women of America will sooner or later demand the suffrage, and when American women demand it, they will get it.

From time immemorable man has impressed on woman that her sphere was in the home alone. While practically everything that affected the family life was produced in the home, this was largely true. In modern years a vast change has come about and practically everything entering into the home life is now a community interest. Clothing, education, water, light, food are no longer produced in the home, but by the community in the form of factories, industries, corporations, or government, local, state and national. The woman of to-day is vitally concerned in both municipal, state and national government, for their every function affects directly the home life. Government is no longer principally concerned with war, but with the regulation and control of vast industries, and the preservation and improvement of the home. Almost without exception these industries and all legislation and the honesty and fairness of their conduct directly affect the family life. In such states as have already given woman suffrage the result has been so beneficial as to make return to former conditions repugnant to men of intelligence. Yet woman in general in this great free nation has less to say in these matters than the most ignorant and vicious saloon loafer or negro. She is still held as being both incapable of and lacking the necessary qualities to entitle her to a voice in such matters, and the old cry that to vote would destroy her feminine and endearing qualities is still raised, while city, state or nation is largely governed by the vote of the lowest and most ignorant men. A few years ago a woman who entered the fields of business was looked upon in the same light; to-day woman is found side by side with man in the business world, more than successfully holding her own in a million positions of responsibility and business requirement, while the beauty and improvement of both the home and community are distinctly her field.

The right of the franchise in the hands of the women of this nation will do much to insure its future freedom, cleanse its city, state and national governments and restore it to the original principles on which it was founded. It is the rising sun of hope in a republic already rapidly advancing to a stage of luxury, bureaucracy and corruption scarcely equalled in history. To the Revolutionary mothers, wives and daughters we largely owe our national pristine freedom, and to their granddaughters we will yet look for its restoration. The corrupt and unsightly conditions known to exist in most communities, due to the franchise in the hands of irresponsible, ignorant and criminal classes, could not continue if the women had the right to vote. We can not much longer entrust the right to vote to an ignorant foreigner lately landed without knowledge or interest in American institutions or desire for honest, clean conditions, or to the negro, and refuse it to the wife, the mother, sister on the ground that they are less competent. It is not the spirit of this nation or the times. The only real reason why men in America hesitate to give American women the franchise is because they fear the housecleaning, municipal, state and national, that would surely follow. They dread any sort of housecleaning, and women know both the necessity of housecleaning and how to clean house. When American women once fully realize their responsibility in these matters, men will be made to more fully realize their own. There is but one answer, and that is that the right of the suffrage for women must come, and it will come in this country FIRST; much sooner than is now supposed. With it will come municipal beauty and the setting of refinement and education above the dollar mark.

The plan of The American Woman's League, while purely a BUSINESS plan, not concerning itself with politics, religion or legislation, or making any pretense of philanthropy, has back of its organization a deeper and more far-reaching thought and a purpose, if successfully carried out, that will do much to prepare the way for intelligent and high use of the suffrage when granted.

Appealing only to the desire for culture, education, cleanliness, the preservation and beauty of the home and municipality, with equal opportunity for women, it is gathering into its ranks the refined, educated and intellectual women in each community throughout the country at large, under a self-supporting, self-respecting, permanent business organization of national scope.

Its organization, deriving its revenue from 50% of the subscriptions to the great journals of national circulation co-operating under it, is divided into three general divisions: The Founders' Chapter, The Capital City and The Local Chapter.

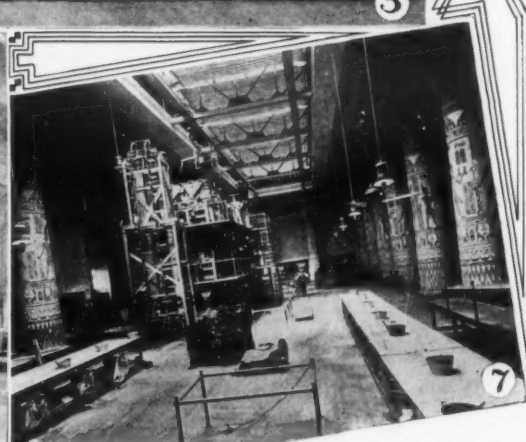
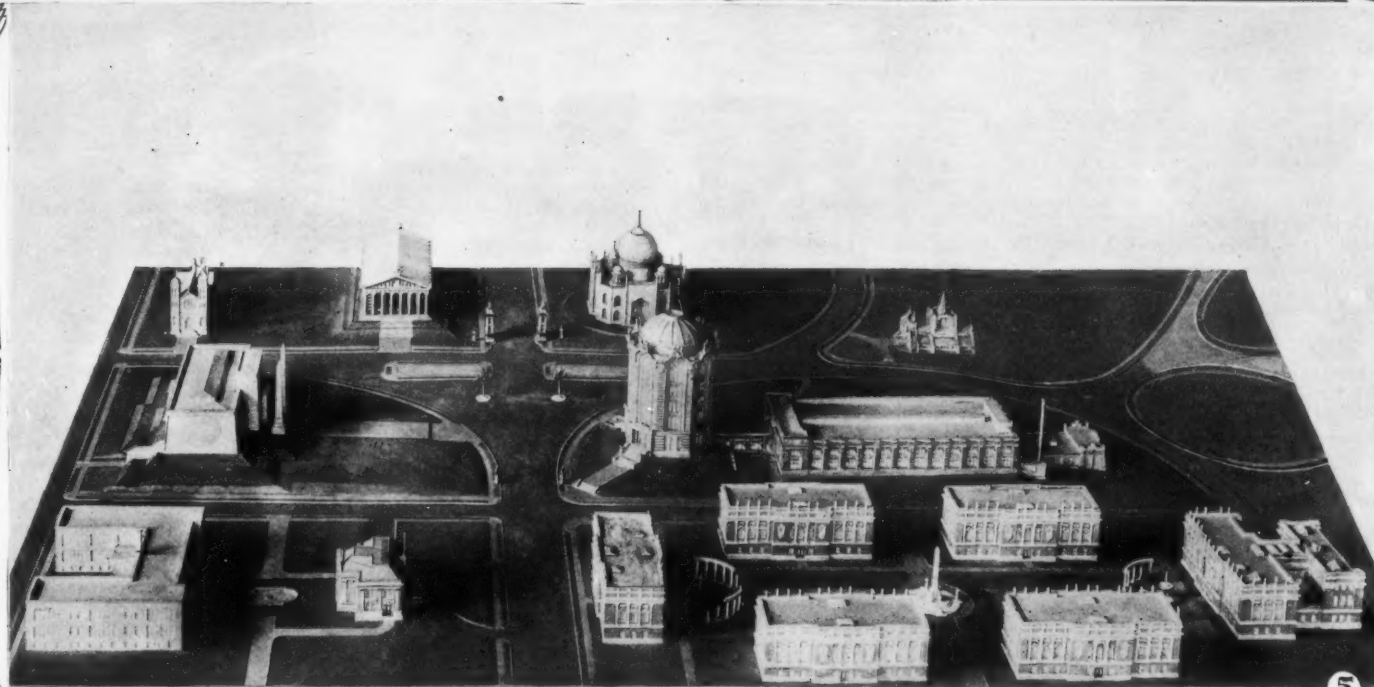
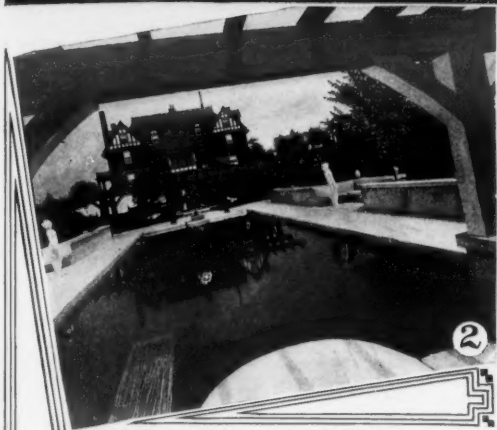
In this article the two latter will be treated of more especially, leaving the particulars of the founders' chapter and The League's organization and work in the rural districts to the third article, which will appear next month.

THE CAPITAL CITY

The capital city of The American Woman's League is University City, a separate municipality from St. Louis, but embracing in its borders the most beautiful and desirable residence section of the larger city. The founders of the present League, some five years ago, selected a series of beautiful tracts of land in the West End of St. Louis, now its best residence section, purchased several hundred acres of what were then vacant fields, and later incorporated them, with some fifteen hundred acres of adjoining property, into a separate city from St. Louis. This was made possible by the curious fact that many years ago St. Louis had been separated from the county in which it lay and its boundaries fixed at what was then supposed to be the limits of its future growth, by a charter amendment of the state. St. Louis has long since outgrown these ancient boundaries, and, owing to its topography, being compelled to expand westward, its best residence section of recent years has grown up partly in and partly out of the city. Having no form of rapid transit, the growth has been solid block by block. Unable to expand its city limits, separate from the county, a new and separate city was made possible, but an imaginary line separating the two, streets, sewers, car lines, etc., passing without break from one to the other, yet each as independent of the other in government as though a hundred miles apart. There was a double purpose behind the incorporation of University City: first the preserving to St. Louis of the only remaining area for expansion of its best residence section, placing it under proper engineering and police control, so that its improvement and development would be forced along the highest lines of beauty and protection; and second the establishment, creation and erection of the most beautiful municipality in the world, to be the home of great national institutions for women, the capital city of The American Woman's League, a model in all that was most desirable in home building, municipal beauty, scientific development and artistic adornment.

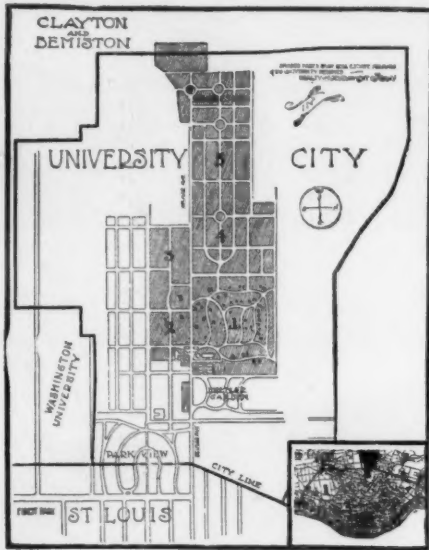
The development along these lines has been rapid and remarkable. First were erected the great publishing plants of the Woman's Magazine, Beautiful Homes and the Woman's National Daily, structures which have few equals in their beauty and yet are the home of one of the largest publishing industries in the world. Miles of broad, paved boulevards were constructed with the highest type of sewer, water and landscape engineering. Superb entrance gates of stone and bronze surmounted by heroic figures by the famous sculptor Zolnay were erected. An army of gardeners kept at work for years until its open places blossomed in exquisite beauty.

Much is yet to be done, but all that is being done is with the same purpose. This year the city itself, by unanimous vote, gave \$65,000 for the erection of a superb, though small, City Hall of marble, while more than a quarter million dollars is being spent on additional street improvements; yet so rapid has been the corresponding increase in the value of its real estate that the tax rate is but 50 cents on the \$100, as against \$2.30 for St. Louis, an imaginary line and handsome entrance gates alone separating the two. Adjoining the great publishing institutions, erected at a cost of \$1,500,000, is now nearing completion the first of a group of magnificent buildings, six in number, to be completed within a year at a cost of a million dollars; they are the buildings of the University of The American Woman's League, all of whose courses in the arts, professions, industries and instruction are free to every member. These six new structures will surround a great central court nearly 1,000 feet in length, at the extreme end of which stands the Art Institute, of imposing design, fireproof construction (as are all the buildings), and which will be completed in September of this year. In its rear will be erected next Spring the largest and finest art ceramic works in the world, at the head of which will preside Mr. Taxile Doat, late of the Sevres Works, Paris, France, the foremost ceramic artist of Europe, temporary quarters being provided in the Art Building. Here will be conceived and executed by the honor students of The League's Art Schools from year to year, under the



(1) View of Parkview in University City, looking towards St. Louis. (2) A private bath in University City. (3) New City Hall of white marble to cost \$65,000, voted by the city. (4) Entrance Gates to University Heights in University City. (5) Model of great central plaza of University City. In the foreground are the buildings of the League University now in course of erection; beyond, the buildings of the Lewis Publishing Co., and on the opposite corners the new buildings of People's Savings Trust Co. and Founders' Chapter of The League. (6) Employees. (7) Interior of Woman's National Daily, showing the largest and fastest printing press in the world, built by Goss Press Co. at a cost of \$100,000, producing 5,000 copies of Woman's National Daily per minute. (8) New building of People's Savings Trust Co. (9) University City from St. Louis. In center distance are seen the buildings surrounding the great plaza

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Map of University City, St. Louis. Shaded part shows the great private residence part of approximately 500 acres laid out by the University Heights Company, the finest residence place in America

entrance gates, 34 feet in height, of carved stone and bronze, while at the far western end of Delmar Boulevard (now rechristened Lewis Place) the Daughters of the Confederacy are preparing to erect one of the handsomest monuments in America, forming the western entrance gate to the city. For a mile and a quarter in length, by close to a mile in width, hundreds of acres, known as University Heights, have been permanently restricted to the exclusive erection of single private homes, costing not less than \$4,000 to \$75,000, according to location, already rapidly building up with the beautiful residences of St. Louis's leading citizens. Over \$2,000,000 is estimated to have been expended during the past two years alone in the erection of handsome private residences in University City, while at the present rate of growth of St. Louis the population forced over into University City will exceed 12,000 to 15,000 within the next three years.

The government of University City is in the hands of a Mayor, Board of Aldermen and the usual officials. All but the police force serve without compensation and have been re-elected unanimously twice since its incorporation.

Such is the capital city of The American Woman's League, and, with the development of its engineering and decorative plan, no city in the world will equal it in beauty and ornamentation, becoming as it will a monument to the skill and genius of the Honor Students in the art classes, while at the same time affording them a practical experience not otherwise obtainable.

THE LOCAL CHAPTER ORGANIZATIONS

Throughout America, in more than 700 cities, towns and villages, are already located compact organizations or chapters of The League. For many of these, beautiful local buildings have already been erected, exquisite in design.

These local buildings range in cost from \$1,200 to \$25,000 (exclusive of the site, which must be donated), according to the membership of the local chapter and the population. Each of the more than 700 local chapters is rapidly completing the necessary requirement for the erection of its own permanent local building, and additional chapters are forming so rapidly that it is a reasonable estimate to place the number of these beautiful local buildings of The League that will be completed within the next twelve months at one thousand.

While University City is the headquarters of The League, the site of its great Art Schools, University, publishing and banking institutions, yet the local chapter house in each city, town and village is designed to become the local center and radiating point for the education, culture, art and opportunity of the whole, forming in each community a permanent rallying point and organization of its women of ability and intelligence, working in conjunction with the central force towards better conditions, the beauty and improvement of both the home, the individual and the community. The whole plan presents to women of ability unusual opportunity, and to all the best in education, art, culture and an open door to self-betterment.

Back of this organization stands the power of great journals, national in circulation, chief of which is the Woman's National Daily, at \$1 per year, the only daily newspaper in America published for women, already having a daily circulation, through the fast night mails, in excess of 200,000 copies, produced on the largest and fastest printing press in the world.

This tremendous organization is independent in its income, and is rapidly acquiring a monopoly of the subscription business, the local chapter organizations each looking after the interests of the journals co-operating in its jurisdiction, half the revenue going to the publishers and half to The League. The single requirement for membership being that the applicant shall secure a total of \$52 worth of subscriptions, which once accomplished the membership is for life and carries the free use and right of The League's Art Schools, chapter houses, University, Library, building and relief fund, and many other features, both for the member and minor children of her family. The renewal of these subscriptions is looked after by the paid secretary of each chapter, who is supplied with complete records of all subscription dates and expirations in the chapter's territory from headquarters for each publication, the local chapter receiving 25% of the local income for the maintenance of its chapter house, and 25% going to the central institutions of The League at University City.

WHETHER IT COME SOONER OR LATER, WITH THE GRANTING OF THE SUFFRAGE TO WOMEN, A PERMANENT NATIONAL ORGANIZATION, COMPOSED BY A SELECTIVE PROCESS OF THE WOMEN IN EACH COMMUNITY POSSESSED OF ABILITY AND INTELLIGENCE, WITH A CENTRAL ADMINISTRATIVE AND DIRECTING BODY, BACKED BY LARGE INCOME AND A NATIONAL FEARLESS PRESS, SUCH AS IS BEING DEVELOPED UNDER THE LEAGUE PLAN, WILL BE OF THE HIGHEST INFLUENCE AND IMPORTANCE TO THE NATION, although The League, as such, is purely a business plan of co-operation for mutual benefit and profit, and concerns itself with neither politics, religion, nor legislation.

The entire responsibility and direction of the organization rest for the present with The Lewis Publishing Company. The following publications, Collier's Weekly, Everybody's Magazine, Success, the Delineator, the Farm Journal, and the American Boy, permit The American Woman's League to solicit subscriptions for them, and they pay to The League 50% of the gross amount of such subscriptions. This

direction of famous masters in sculpture, painting, decorating, architecture and ceramics, much of the ornamentation of University City, its buildings and parks, while its correspondence courses are open to all members in their own homes. Dividing University City from east to west runs Delmar Boulevard straight out through the center of the two cities. At its entrance to the great central plaza of University City stand the imposing marble building of the Woman's National Daily, 200 feet in length, and the exquisitely beautiful executive building of The Lewis Publishing Company, known as the Woman's Magazine Building, both decorated with superb mural paintings by Ott. On the opposite corners are shortly to be erected the building of the People's Savings Trust Company, trustee of The League, a reproduction in white marble of the Parthenon; and the head Chapter House or executive building of The League, a reproduction in colored marbles and faience of the Taj Mahal of India. Between them now stand the great

constitutes The League's income. With the completion of the Founders' Chapter, a national convention will be held of the officers of all local chapters and the permanent trusteeship established under which The League will thereafter be governed, its national officers being elected at fixed periods by general vote of all members of the Founders' Chapter. It is probable that the plan will shortly be thrown open to all other high-class journals on an equitable basis, as many of the leading magazines have already applied for entry.

While every member of The League has an equal life right and privilege in all its institutions, advantages and opportunities, yet its governing body is composed of one member in ten of its membership, the first hundred thousand out of the proposed million members, who shall first comply with the single requirement of membership, the securing or payment for as gifts, of the required \$52 in subscriptions. The whole plan of The League is founded upon and supported by a simple form of business co-operation and mutual organization between the several publications and the individual member. It is purely a business plan and makes no pretense of being anything else. The vast sums expended yearly by great journals, in securing separately new and renewal subscriptions, are, by this plan, paid instead into a national subscription organization and become the source of annual revenue of The League. It is estimated that the available income from subscriptions to journals of general circulation exceeds \$60,000,000 per annum. With the spread and organization of The League it will acquire largely a monopoly of the subscription business throughout the country because of the operation of the same business principles which are taken advantage of by the great industrial organizations or trusts.

The organization of a local chapter creates a powerful local subscription force, because of the requirement for membership which each member must meet. The erection of the local chapter house establishes a permanent local renewal agency, while the general and rural memberships complete the national sales organization of both city and country.

Such an organization can more effectually and economically secure and maintain circulation for all journals co-operating with it than those journals can possibly do it for themselves separately. Each journal is required to pay to The League 50% of its subscription revenue, the subscriptions being first secured by the members and renewed thereafter by The League organization. The income therefore available to The League, as its organization is completed, would be between twenty and thirty millions of dollars per annum, with scarcely any expense of securing it, so that whatever its income, it is available for the benefit, service and advantage of the whole membership.

In the creation of any such organization the heaviest burden is in the beginning in the national campaign of education and enlistment of members necessary. Now that many local chapter houses are actually completed, or in course of erection throughout the country, the great University and Art Schools about to open their doors in another month and many other benefits and advantages already in full operation, the membership is spreading with increasing rapidity of its own force.

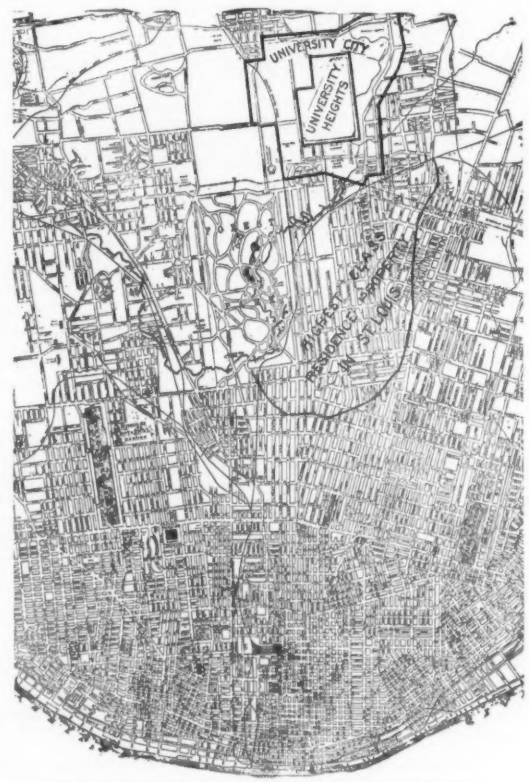
It is on those who take the lead in any new plan, the pioneers, that the burden falls.

THE FOUNDERS' CHAPTER

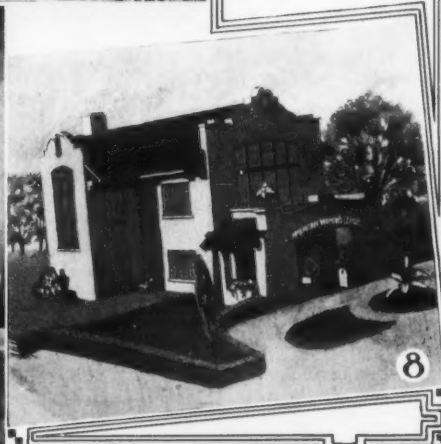
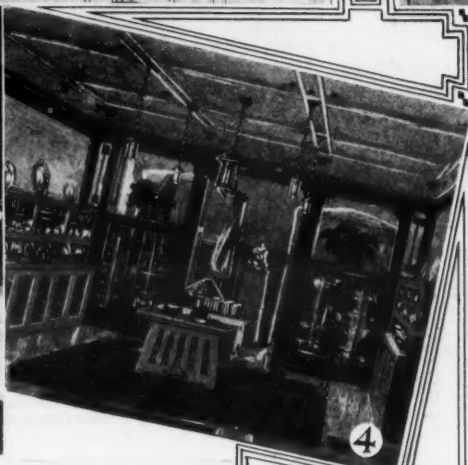
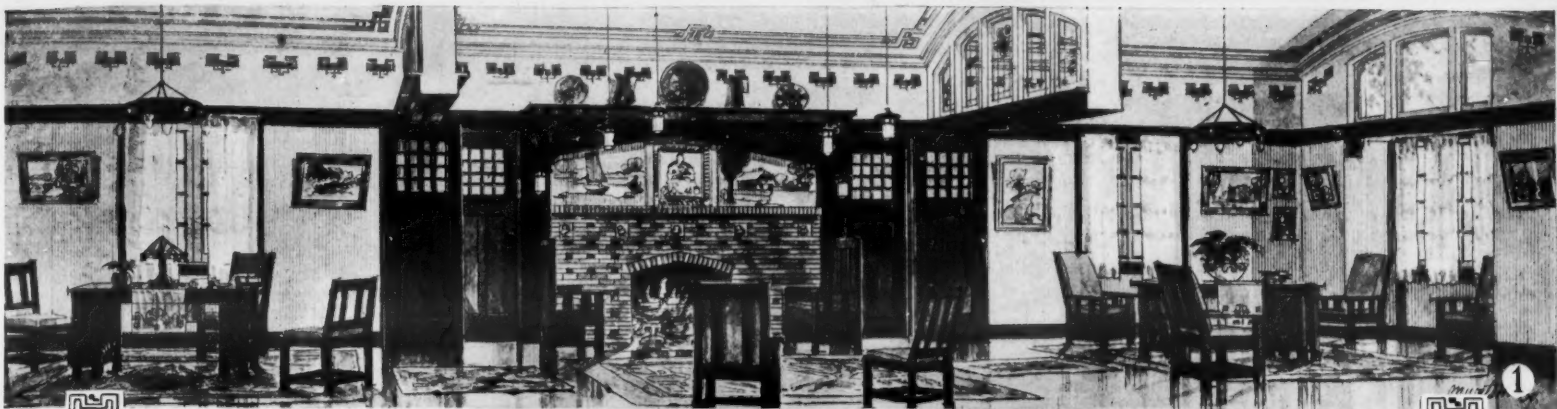
It is perfectly understood that no new idea and plan such as that of The League can be put forward without exciting ridicule, malice and unreasoning opposition; otherwise it would be for the first time in human history. This test of the right to live, the inertia and opposition of those who know and care to know little or nothing of any new idea, the fact that it is new being sufficient to excite their opposition, entitles those who take the lead to special privilege over those who follow.

With the rapid growth of The League, two institutions of an industrial character are automatically enriched to an extraordinary extent—The Lewis Publishing Company and the People's Savings Trust Company, the former not only because its publications receive the greater part of the subscriptions from the membership, but also on account of the vast amount of publishing and printing required for The League itself and its Correspondence University. The Trust Company, as the trustee and administrator of the endowment fund of The League, will have a large and constantly increasing fund as a permanent deposit, and also enjoy a national savings patronage from the membership. It is a part of the plan that, in addition to its daily, weekly and monthly journals of general circulation, The Lewis Publishing Company will purchase from time to time, as opportunity offers, leading daily newspapers in the principal cities until a national, fearless, clean public press, covering cities and rural districts alike from coast to coast, has been established largely under the control of the women of the country. The first of these metropolitan newspapers to be purchased was the St. Louis Star.

Several other leading newspapers are under negotiation in other principal cities. Such a power of both the public press and what will undoubtedly become one of the greatest banking institutions in the country means more to the women of the land than even the right to vote. The Publishing Company has approximately 20,000 stockholders, and the Trust Company will probably have a far greater number, as no one person is permitted to subscribe over ten shares of its capital. Realizing that those who FIRST displayed the independence, ability, foresight and energy to grasp the full effect and power of such a national institution as is being created in The League will mean more to its complete and quick success than those who follow after it has become firmly established—that the one in ten with the



Map of St. Louis, showing location of University City



(1) Interior of Class III Chapter House of American Woman's League, showing the three principal rooms in addition to which are the exchange, kitchen and toilet. (2) Class II Chapter House at Seattle, Wash. (3) Meeting in City Hall at Edwardsville, Ills., for Founders' address at dedication of Chapter House, July 20. (4) Woman's exchange room of chapter houses. (5) The Edwardsville (Ills.) Chapter House, Class II. (6) Class I Chapter House, Peck, Idaho. (7) Interior view of Edwardsville Chapter House. (8) Class V Chapter House. (9) Class IV. (10) Class III Chapter House

qualities of leadership is more important to the organization than the nine who follow—and with a full appreciation of the vast power and scope of the thing that is being created, a special endowment is provided for a Founders' Chapter, to be composed of the first 100,000 members who completed their membership requirement (provided they did so within one year of sending in their membership application), consisting of \$1,000,000 of the capital stock of The Lewis Publishing Company and a like amount of the stock of the People's Savings Trust Company, the income of this \$2,000,000 special endowment in the stock of these two institutions to be paid each year for life to the members of the Founders' Chapter as an annuity. The membership of the Founders' Chapter is rapidly filling up. Once completed, its members will occupy a unique position of special honor, privilege and income, as both institutions are steadily enriched by the development of The League organization. It is also to be provided that the members of the Founders' Chapter shall alone have the right to vote in the election of the president of The League, who will in turn vote these immense holdings in the Publishing Company and Trust Company, thereby placing the management of both the Publishing Company and banking institution perpetually in the hands of the Founders' Chapter through its power to elect the president, who would also become the president of both institutions.

While the income to the individual member of the Founders' Chapter will be small at first, it should rapidly increase with the growth of The League until it becomes a respectable annual source of income to each member. Membership in the Founders' Chapter is for life and not transferable. Vacancies in its ranks will be replenished from the regular membership.

"THE LEWIS PUBLISHING COMPANY"

The three-year battle of The Lewis Publishing Company and its journals with special interests, which had made of our national postal system largely a private cinch, has become a part of our national history. It has no parallel. Waged at a cost to it of over \$2,000,000, yet such a public nation-wide support was given it that even when, in the desperate effort to silence its journals, they were arbitrarily suppressed for nine months, it came out of the ordeal stronger than at the start.

Publishing as it does to-day—a year after its final victory—approximately 10,000,000 copies per month of its several journals, with the largest and finest publishing plant and equipment in the world, yet it was in its darkest hours that the plan of the American Woman's League was conceived. The very conditions it was compelled to overcome in re-establishing its business, together with the national support and prestige it had gained, made possible and gave birth to The League plan. Having acquired a leadership, active and aggressive, in the battle for better conditions, honesty and lawfulness in the postal service, with victory came the necessity of putting its power, prestige and leadership to good and permanent use. During the midst of its battles more than 20,000 American families had come to its aid with \$2,000,000, and with the re-establishment of its vast business they were made active stockholders in proportionate return for their contributions during its dark hours.

It was out of a great national struggle against arbitrary and unreviewable power, having no place in our form of government, that The League was first conceived and the tremendous potentialities of organized effort on the part of the WOMEN of this country fully realized.

The publishing plants and equipment of The Lewis Publishing Company alone represent an investment of \$1,500,000, while its capital is \$3,500,000, and its journals circulate through every post-office in America where at least 50 English-speaking families receive their mail. Its payroll is approximately \$800,000 per annum, and it is a part of its fixed plan to acquire additional metropolitan newspaper properties until, under its organization and ownership has been brought a national, fearless, clean press covering both the principal cities and the country from coast to coast.

In September, 1908, the St. Louis Daily Star and Chronicle was purchased, and in eight months following was made the second in circulation and first in popular good will of the metropolitan daily newspapers of St. Louis, with the assistance of the local League organization.

The Lewis Publishing Company, as the founder and sponsor and principal factor in The League plan, retains in its hands not alone the full responsibility, but the entire direction, organization and control of The League plan until the completion of its organization and the formal ratification by The League membership of the final plans, charter and trust agreement, by which it will thereafter be governed. So rapid has the growth of The League become that it was found advisable early in 1909 to invite into the plan, so far as the subscription part was concerned, a number of other leading publications of classes not produced by it. The equipment, facilities and organization of such an institution are a prime factor to The League plan in the conduct of its great correspondence university and schools, and the production of the vast volume of printed matter, which must constantly increase, as well as of such special art and other journals as will be required. Manifestly, this Publishing Company, with its wide range and wonderful organization and equipment, offers in itself the highest opportunities in journalism to members taking those courses, as well as being a constant seeker after such ability.

Its journals are:

**THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY
THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE
THE ST. LOUIS DAILY AND SUNDAY STAR
THE WOMAN'S FARM JOURNAL
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
BEAUTIFUL HOMES**

Of its \$3,500,000 capital stock, \$1,000,000 becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founders' Chapter through the Founders' gift, while the remainder of its stock is already held by some 20,000 stockholders, the great majority of whom have become members of the Founders' Chapter also; hence the control of this great publishing institution and its journals of national circulation may be said to rest permanently in the Founders' Chapter of The League. The League plan is rapidly making it the richest and most useful publishing concern in the world.

THE PEOPLE'S SAVINGS TRUST COMPANY

The People's Savings Trust Company was formally opened for business in all its departments January 2, 1909, with a preliminary authorized capital of \$400,000, of which \$300,000 is paid up, together with a surplus of \$150,000, and which is to be further increased to a capital of \$5,000,000 and a surplus of

\$3,000,000. Subscriptions to its capital being limited to ten shares to any one person. It already numbers its patrons in nearly every state in the Union and in several foreign countries. The long experience of its officers in dealing for many years with hundreds of thousands of people in every section of America by mail to the extent of many millions of dollars enables it to offer all the best features of a great metropolitan banking institution, especially organized and adapted to the requirements of those heretofore denied such facilities through the United States mails.

This institution accepts only accounts by mail and offers through the mails every safety, convenience and accommodation of conservative, careful banking to its customers, no matter how remotely located.

It is not a bank of ordinary commercial or discount business, being more a savings institution and central reserve bank of rediscount for other banks, yet its low expense rate, estimated at but 15% of that of other banking institutions doing the same volume of business over the counter, together with the long-time average of its deposits, gives it special advantages and safety from runs and panics, with the highest earning power consistent with conservative methods.

In addition to affording to members of The League a great mail central savings and trust institution, rendering valuable assistance in the building up of University City through its ability to provide first mortgage building loans on adequate security and good interest, The People's Savings Trust Company becomes under the trust agreement of The League the trustee for all its real property and its endowment or reserve. Pending the organization of The League, a detail statement and accounting of all disbursements and income on account of The League is rendered to the Board of Directors of the Trust Company at regular periods. With the accumulation of a reserve or surplus by The League, these funds become trust funds, to be administered and invested by the Board of Directors of the Trust Company as trustees for The League members, who become the beneficiaries under the terms of the trust agreement.

The Trust Company, as the central fiduciary institution, renders a wide service to members in many departments, constitutes a powerful monetary force, able to render to the whole organization the necessary financial machinery, and to return ample compensation in the form of deposits, rediscounts, and other services to local banking institutions which the local chapter membership may desire to favor. Its business is primarily as a savings institution, although its system of small universal exchange at par, payable at leading banks in the principal cities throughout the country, provides its customers and members of The League with special advantages, and enables it to make local banking institutions agents or issuing centers, to their profit and advantage. The necessity of such an institution, as well as the power, safety and profit of its position, all tend to make it one of the greatest banking concerns in America, a bank of and for the people and owned by them.

As the organization of The League progresses, one-eighth of the Trust Company's capital and surplus becomes a part of the special endowment of the Founders' Chapter, the income thereof, as well as that from the \$1,000,000 of stock in the Publishing Company, being paid annually to the members of the chapter.

Its Board of Directors are:

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who, as Directors of the Trust Company, constitute also the first Board of Trustees of The American Woman's League.

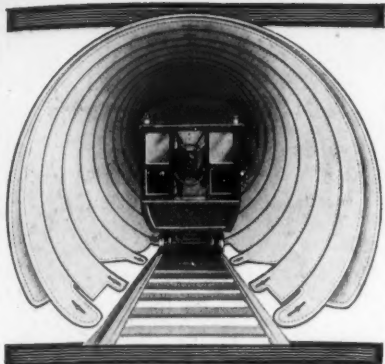
Membership in The League can not be purchased and is only acquired by securing or paying for as gifts a total of \$52 in subscriptions to the publications which, under the plan, permit The American Woman's League to solicit subscriptions for them. The subscriptions to these publications are in themselves a full return for every dollar paid, so that the membership may be said to cost nothing but a slight personal effort. This single requirement complied with, the membership is for life without dues or fees, the member becoming a Life beneficiary under the trust created, and entitled to every right and benefit of the whole organization. Men may become Honorary Members, the requirement being \$20 in subscriptions, which entitles the Honorary Member to the free use of all courses in the University, but not to vote or to the loan and relief fund. Membership in the Founders' Chapter has no different requirement from ordinary membership, excepting that the \$52 in subscriptions shall be sent in within one year. Founders' Chapter members, in addition to all rights of membership in The League, share in the annual profits of both the publishing institution and the banking institution through the special endowment provided for the Founders' Chapter of \$1,000,000 of the capital stock of each. In next month's Collier's The League's work in the rural districts will be gone into in detail.

The book of The League will be sent on request to any one desiring it, giving the full particulars of its many advantages and benefits, by addressing

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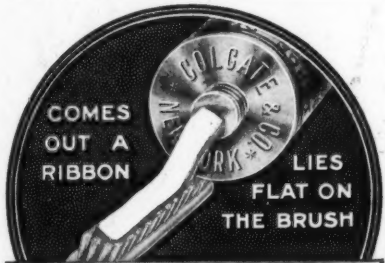
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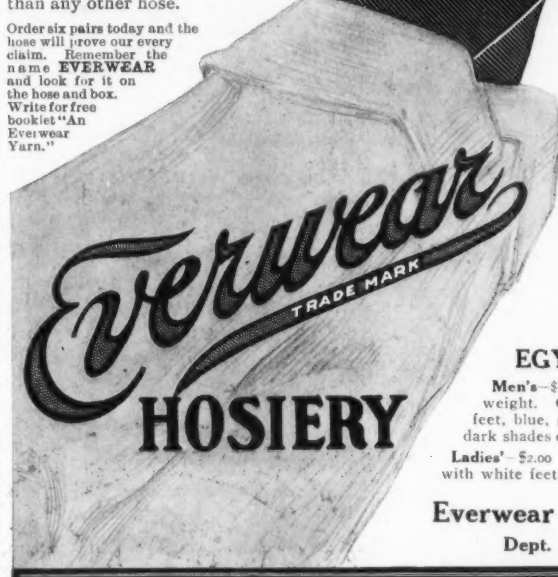
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